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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY





# THE MOST AMAZING THING

Outback drama—one of the entries in our recent fiction contest.

By K. E. CARRICK

LIFE on a farm isn't so easy, Ellie," said Peter honestly when he asked her to marry him. That was one of the things Ellie liked most about Peter—his honesty. There were other things she liked about Peter, too—his gentleness and consideration, his sincerity and strength of character. You were aware of all these things in Peter as soon as you met him.

She had never lived in the country until she was sent out to take over the school at Kalee. "An awful hole of a place," she was warned by someone who had been there.

So it was, thought Ellie when she arrived. So terribly quiet and isolated, she didn't know how she was going to stand it.

Only for Peter she wouldn't have. She met him two days after her arrival, and liked him at once. He was really good-looking, big, manly, and protective.

He didn't look the finely-strung sensitive type—more the physical man of the open spaces than the intellectual. Still she liked him immensely—perhaps because of that. She was a bit tired of intellect.

They talked of the country and outdoor life.

"Do you ever get tired of living here?" Ellie asked him.

"Not exactly tired, but sometimes—" he hesitated. "You see—well—" he closed up. It wasn't easy for Peter to talk about his innermost thoughts and feelings. "Anyway, it's good to be out in the open, to feel the space, see the hills and the trees and to watch the wheat growing—it's wonderful, I think, the whole process right through."

Quite interested, Ellie found out all the salient points of Peter's life. He was four years older than she was—twenty-six. He was working his own farm, and had been doing so for five years since his mother died. His father was killed in a

ploughing accident, two years before that. An aunt was keeping house for him.

His property had been pretty heavily mortgaged, but the last four seasons had been good. Wheat had brought a good price, and he'd managed to clear the mortgage and have a bit over.

A few days later Ellie was sitting on the homestead verandah, sketching a rough impression of the landscape.

You could appreciate the countryside here, anyway—from an artistic point of view it was worth seeing, especially at this hour—

You never saw sunsets like that in town—and the big, leafy trees shadowing longer and longer patches on the fields were lovely. Yes, there was a charm in it, but the loneliness was terrific. You'd probably get used to it after a while, but it was pretty unbearable at first.

That galloping sounded nice—something fascinating about the rhythmic beat of hoofs on a hard road.

It was Peter! He brought some papers for her. Ellie, homesick, was delighted. "Thanks awfully, Peter," she said. "I've been dying for the sight of a paper."

Peter smiled. "I think we should try to make things better for people who come right out here from the town—it's only fair, really."

He was glancing at the embryo sketch, trying to take it in. "Been doing a bit of sketching," Ellie said. "There's some material here for that, if there's nothing else." She didn't discuss the sketch with Peter—he wouldn't understand that sort of thing. "The shadows are beautiful at this time," she said, "though they do add to the loneliness."

"Perhaps they do to you," he said, "because everything seems lonely—I like it all well enough."



"I've been afraid of something like this," Peter said.

"I imagine you'd like everything under the sun, Peter, or you like everything to do with country life, anyway."

Peter was going to say something but stopped. She'd think he was queer if he told her. Perhaps he was, too, having the ideas he did, when he had been working on a farm all his life, and had had no real education—

"Anyway," he sighed, "I'm glad to be living in the country. There's always enough to balance things, I suppose—if you can look at it that way."

More than enough to balance things, Peter thought, when one night Ellie said she loved him and would marry him.

Peter could scarcely believe it. It was like being lifted to the highest peak in the world. But one thing troubled him. Life on a farm wasn't easy. It was hard on a woman. Worse than on a man, in a way.

That didn't trouble Ellie. Peter was a darling for pointing it out to her. And, of course, life on a farm in the ordinary sense without Peter would be a pretty awful existence. But life on a farm with Peter would be pretty good.

"Sure, Ellie?"

"Quite," said Ellie positively.

If Peter hadn't been so terribly pliant and unobservant he'd have noticed that something was afoot between her and Michael. Ellie thought resentfully as she began packing Michael's clothes. That was the whole trouble with Peter—he was entirely lacking in sensitive perception.

Just because he was satisfied with life here, he couldn't comprehend what it meant to her and Michael to have to endure it. It was enough to bring anyone with an artistic temperament to breaking-point—the ceaseless work and soul-destroying routine—up every morning at a quarter to five, then the same old non-stop programme until dark.

They weren't living, any of them, just existing, to work, eat, and sleep. Well, she had learned to endure it, galling as it was, and she still loved Peter, even though she had lost so much through marrying him and settling down to farm life. Peter had always been good to her and to Michael—few fathers in the district had given their sons three years at boarding-school, especially during a run of bad seasons.

"I'd like him to have some of the luxuries I never had," Peter had said. "And, besides, Michael's the sort who'd appreciate education."

One would have thought Peter did have some comprehension to hear him talk like that. But he had ex-

pected Michael, when his three years were over, to fit easily into the scheme of farm life again. He didn't seem to realise how hard that would be. Especially as life held the promise of something so much better for him.

It hadn't meant anything to Peter, the art master's report on Michael's talent, advising the furthering of his studies. Peter had put it aside without comment. And he had smiled when Michael had shown him his sketches and water-colors, had only said, "They seem pretty good, Michael, although I suppose I'm really no judge of this sort of thing."

What would have happened to Michael if she hadn't understood either? But she always had. Years ago, long before anyone else had discovered Michael's gift, she had recognised the awakening talent. In those queer, crude dashes of color that had seemed unintelligible to his school-teacher, she had realised all that Michael was trying to express.

She had vowed then that Michael would have the chance of becoming an artist, and she was going to see that he did. Not even Peter was going to stand in the way of it. She was sacrificing a lot for it, too. It was going to be so terribly lonely without Michael.

Ellie's eyes filled as she calculated the contents of Michael's case to make sure nothing had been left out.

OUT in the fields on the plough Michael was scarcely conscious of what he was doing, he was so excited. It seemed unbelievable that he'd be leaving to-night. Now that this was his last day he wondered how he had stood it for so long, the awful monotony and slavery of it.

He looked across to where Peter was ploughing with another team, working patiently as he had throughout the years. Pretty rotten doing it the way they were, behind Dad's back. It wasn't as though he was the domineering sort.

Still, as mother had said, it was the best way, to get it over and done with. Dad wouldn't understand if you talked to him about it.

The beauty of things as they were was lost on him. Michael's inspired gaze was on the sunset, the reins lying carelessly in his hands. That would be one of the first things he'd do—the sunset as it was to-night—orange, shaded crimson, mauve, with a jagged gold edge, pink shafts flung high—marvellous!

He'd do the dawn, too, opalescent and lovely. And the mists hanging in ribbons over the hills as the sun came through. And this red furrowed earth—the green, undulating fields and branchy trees and patches of light and shade. Michael's hands twitched impatiently on the reins he held instead of his brushes.

Ellie saw the accident from the window of Michael's room. She saw the horses shy, rear up, and plunge forward. Petrified, she saw Michael thrown back on to the discs. She ran screaming, above her terror one conscious thought. It was a judgment on her and Michael, a judgment.

Peter was with Michael, holding him, his big, worn hands caressing and smoothing back the hair from an awful cut on the side of Michael's head. Michael was deathly and his eyes were closed.

"I've been afraid of something like this," Peter said. "I've been afraid of it all the time. He didn't seem to have his mind on anything lately, especially to-day."

"It was the luckiest thing in the world in more ways than one for Michael to come out of it as he did," Peter said that evening. "Landing on his right side, as he did, on the discs, he could have so easily had his right hand mutilated, and I think Michael would have rather died than that. I think I'd have preferred it, too, for his own sake—he so wanted to be an artist."

Ellie looked at him quickly in surprise and as quickly looked away again. She had found it very difficult to look at Peter or to speak to him since the accident.

"I know what that would have meant to Michael," he paused, and then said, in his shy way, "That's why I was planning to send him away and give him a chance, as soon as the ploughing was over." He was looking beyond Ellie, out through the living-room window at the moon that was rising, glorifying the limitless fields.

There was an expression on his face Ellie had never seen before. It was enraptured, inspired, a reflection of the sublimity outside. He gave a great sigh and then said the most amazing thing of all. "No, I don't want Michael to go through what I have. You see, Ellie, I always wanted to be an artist myself, but I never had the chance."

One thing Peter didn't understand was the way Ellie looked at him and the way she cried.

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# Delayed Verdict

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NEW SOUTH WALES

Wait and count ten was his motto — even when it meant counting ten years, waiting for a pretty woman

**T**HE tall, pale man hurried ashore by the crew's plank, his eyes steeled with bitterness. He made them look straight ahead as though determined to ignore all such distractions as beach girls and coco palms and liquid sunshine.

In the dock warehouses a telephone directory furnished him with an address. Then he went out and asked a taxi man the fare home. "Two dollars," the Hawaiian taxi man said.

"One dollar," countered the man who had just worked his passage from San Francisco as an engine-room wiper. He could hardly afford more. For there was nothing in the pockets of his shapeless blue suit except some small change and a second-hand .38 revolver.

The sum was in a side coat pocket. The tall, pale man had a hand in that pocket when, twenty minutes later, he knocked at a door in Honolulu's most exclusive suburb.

"Wallace K. Wharton lives here, doesn't he? I'd like to see him," he said to the servant who opened the door.

"Name, please?" the servant demanded.

"Evan Keith. I'm just in on the Matahona."

"Wait here please?" The servant disappeared. In a little while he returned to say, "Come with me, please?"

Evan Keith followed him into a garden where a man in a trunk on the rim of the pool was drying himself. He slipped on a lounge robe and advanced to meet Evan. His smile was doubtful, and his look seemed to say, "Who are you, a gadget salesman?" But it might only be put on, Evan thought. This man had had a few minutes to compose himself after hearing the visitor's name.

Audibly Wallace K. Wharton said: "What may I do for you, Mr. Keith?" He motioned towards deeply-cushioned garden chairs. Then he sat down and picked up a box of cigars. "No, thanks," Evan said. He saw that Wharton was a big, rubicund man with a small, tight mouth in a broad face. Not much over forty, Evan judged him.

"I've never met you before, have I?" Wharton asked.

"Right," Evan said. "And I've never met you, either."

"You've a letter of introduction?" Wharton asked.

"Hardly. For the last ten years I've been in prison."

Wharton seemed to put a cautious check-rein on response. He was like a man who counts ten, Evan thought, before venturing.

"To prison?" Wharton said at last. "For what?"

"For a murder I didn't commit," Evan said. "They gave me fifteen

years and let me out after ten, just a week ago."

Again Wharton waited, as though weighing whether he should listen tolerantly or call servants to eject this prison bird. Then he lit a cigar and puffed vigorously. Out of the smoke came a cautious "Yes?"

"During my third year of time," Evan said, "I received a gift. It was ten cartons of cigarettes mailed anonymously, in care of the warden. I guessed that some old college classmate felt sorry for me. I supposed he didn't want to get entangled by calling or writing, so he just sent me some cigarettes."

But during my sixth year in prison it happened again. An anonymous gift. This time it came in the form of a one-hundred-dollar bill mailed to my mother, who, deprived of my support, was ill and on relief.

It happened a third time during my ninth year there. This time a five-hundred-dollar bill was mailed to my mother. It came too late, because she had died a few weeks earlier. A year after that third anonymous gift I was released from prison."

Wharton, after seconds of silence, said, "Interesting, Keith. But why are you telling me?"

"By the time I got out," Evan explained, "I'd concluded that the idea of a sympathetic classmate didn't fit. Anyone who liked me well enough to do that would have called

conscience would be the first and only man in the world to do it. And he did do it. I've proved it."

Wharton had relit the cigar. Out of the screen of his smoke came a startled challenge: "Proved it?"

"During my last year I figured it all out. The gift sender is a wealthy man, judging by the five-hundred-dollar bill. The three gifts were all postmarked San Francisco, where my mother lived, but I concluded that the gift sender himself doesn't live there. If so he would most likely have heard about my mother's death and wouldn't

have sent the third gift to her. So I decided he's a man who only goes to San Francisco occasionally. By three postmarks I know the dates of three occasions. And I assume that a rich man would go to one of the better hotels."

"So on the day of my release I made the rounds of San Francisco's ten leading hotels. I asked for lists of registrations on three back dates. At the first seven hotels they turned me down. But at the eighth I got a break. The manager there was cordial—just why I don't know."

"He dug into his files. When I failed to find what I wanted, he asked if there was anything else he could do for me. I explained that I was just out of prison and trying to clear my name. Then he offered to phone the managers of other leading hotels; he suggested that if I went back to them, maybe I'd get a more sympathetic reception."

In the end I got three lists of names from each of ten hotels. What I wanted was a registration common to all three dates: A date seven years ago, a date four years ago, a

"One dollar," the man offered, badly conscious that his cash was dwindling fast.

date one year ago. And on the lists of the St. Francis Hotel I found it. The same guest had registered there on the first date, again on the second date, and again on the third date. His name is Wallace K. Wharton and he lives in Honolulu."

Wharton seemed to relax. This time he said without a pause, "It's true I make a business trip to Frisco about once every three years, and I always stop at the St. Francis. But it's absurd to say I sent gifts to a convict. You're using numbers, Keith, but they don't add up."

"I haven't finished adding yet," Evan said. "My next column of figures reads like this: The murdered man's name was Ronald Bruce; so I went back to Bruce's neighborhood and asked questions. Had anyone there ever heard of a Wallace K. Wharton? Yes, a Wallace K. Wharton used to live next door to the Bruces. Wharton and Bruce had belonged to the same golf club. I asked what became of Wharton. And learned that he had left the country about ten years ago. I kept at it till I got the exact date. It was the day after the Bruce murder."

This time Wharton waited a long ten count. "I came to Honolulu," he offered cautiously, "meaning to stay only a month. But I liked it so well I settled here permanently. If you're charging me with murder

why don't you go to the police?"

"I'm short one link—your motive," Evan admitted frankly.

All this while he had kept a hand in his right coat pocket. Wharton became aware of a bulge there, and it made streaks of redness fade from his face. His protest came hoarsely: "You're building it all on a guess. What's that in your pocket?"

"A gun," Evan said.

"You wouldn't dare shoot me! You'd hang for it. I'd make two convictions."

"Yes, it'd be my second conviction," Evan broke in harshly. "But you and I know the first one was for your own crime. You let me rot in prison ten long years, and you tried to buy off your conscience. Did it make you feel any better, Wharton?"

Please turn to page 4

By ALLAN ELSTON

to see me. At least he would have written. So it was somebody else. Somebody who didn't dare see me, and yet who couldn't forget me. Only one character seemed to fit a role like that, Wharton."

Wallace Wharton took a silk handkerchief from his robe and dabbed his face with it. Then he puffed again, but the cigar had gone out. This time he waited longer before giving a response.

"I'm afraid I don't quite follow you," his voice was edgy.

"My conclusion is," Evan said, "that the gifts were sent by the man who really committed the murder. Does that strike you as logical?"

Again the ten-second pause. Then: "It does not," Wharton answered slowly and precisely. "The real murderer would be the last man in the world to do anything like that."

"The real murderer," Evan maintained, "assuming he has a normal





WHARTON kept staring with a fearful fascination at that pocket bulge. Evan withdrew his hand from the pocket.

"I brought the gun along," he explained, "only to keep you from killing me. You did kill once, so you might try it again. In the meantime, I'd like to begin life over with a decent job. As an ex-con, I can't get a job except a cheap one like I've got now, wiping engines on a ship. My only chance is to prove in court that you, and not I, killed Ronald Bruce."

Abruptly Evan Keith turned his back and left the garden. A gate admitted him to a side street and he walked briskly towards the business section.

He must report back to his ship, which shortly would be returning to San Francisco. What then? Well, on his day ashore at San Francisco he could dig for a closer tie-up between Bruce and Wharton. And at each successive call of his ship here at Honolulu he could work on Wharton in person. The man might crack up, if he kept at him.

In detail he remembered the only time he had ever seen Bruce. Ten years ago in San Francisco, Evan, fresh out of college, was driving a shiny new flivver down a residential avenue. Bruce, in a heavy sedan, had come banging out of his driveway to a collision. No one was hurt, but the flivver was scuttled.

The usual heated argument, each driver claiming the other to be at fault. Harsh words drew a crowd which heard Evan demand that Bruce pay the damage; and which heard Bruce refuse; and which heard Evan erupt bitterly, "If you don't pay it, I'll take it out of your hide."

Then Evan had called a wrecker to tow his wreck to a shop. An estimate for repair had come to a hundred and seventy dollars. With this estimate in hand, just after dusk, Evan had returned to the

## Delayed Verdict

Continued from page 3

Bruce residence. He would insist on Bruce footing the bill. But crossing Bruce's lawn, he had stumbled over murder. Bruce's body lay on the grass there; by it lay the club which had struck him down. Evan, shocked, had picked it up because it looked like a spoke from the front wheel of his wreck. He was standing with it in hand, by the body, when two of the Bruce servants found him there.

"Guilty," the jury had said. A shrill whining of winches echoed through the dock warehouse as Evan strode across it to the moored Matsonia.

Then as he was about to go aboard, an elderly Chinese touched his arm. "You Mister Keith, please maybe?"

"I am."

"This for you, please." The Chinese grinned amiably, then extended a sealed note.

The envelope bore Evan's name, nothing else. He opened it and saw a single line of writing. The writing had a feminine roundness: "Please stay away from W.K.W. until you've seen me. A Friend."

Evan read the line twice, then stared suspiciously at the messenger. The Chinese was grey, wrinkled, neatly dressed. He might be the head servant of some well-ordered household.

"Who sent you?" Evan demanded. "Come, please, I take you there." The messenger bowed, then turned and walked with dignity from the warehouse. He seemed to take for granted that Evan would follow.

It might be a trap. Wallace Wharton could have despatched this Oriental for the purpose of luring Evan to some secluded spot where, at Wharton's order, Evan could be safely murdered.

Then Evan put a hand in his pocket and fingered the gun. He squared his shoulders and followed the Chinese messenger to the street. The man led him to a parked coupe. Evan got in. His

guide took the wheel and drove away.

The Chinese turned in at the drive of a hotel and came to a stop at the entrance and announced. "Writer of message waits in garden by sundial, please."

Evan got out and went into the hotel lobby. It still might be a trap, though the chance seemed less likely now. This was clearly a respectable place, not a deadfall for murder.

Evan went out to the flagged garden and saw a young woman seated alone in the swing near the sundial. Almost at once Evan had a feeling he had seen her before. He couldn't think where.

His uncertain stare drew a smile. A faint flush came with the smile and he knew it was she who had sent the note.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Keith?" Evan caught a nervous note in her voice. He sat down in a rocker facing the swing. "Why did you send for me?"

"To stop you," she said. "You're mistaken about Wallace Wharton." So that was it! Evan was disappointed. So Wharton was using a pretty woman to plead his innocence.

"Your message found me too late," Evan said coldly. "Because I've already seen Wharton."

Her look of alarm seemed real. "You went to his house? Did you?"

"Did I manhandle him? No, I just told him what I knew."

"But you don't really know anything," she protested. "You're just guessing."

"Guessing what?"

"Guessing that he sent three gifts."

"Didn't he?" Evan's stare probed at her.

"No, he didn't," the girl said.

HER eyes met Evan's with a disarming candor. Then he saw that she wasn't just a girl, but a mature woman of about his own age, which was thirty-one. "Why would he?" she argued. "Conscience wouldn't make him do it. Because Wallace Wharton hasn't any conscience. Not the tiniest speck."

"Who are you?" Evan demanded. The question seemed to surprise her. "Don't you know? I'm Pamela Bruce."

Then he remembered. He had seen her at the trial, ten years ago. She was the widow of Ronald Bruce.

"Did you think I did it?" he asked.

Her "No" came quickly, almost eagerly. "I don't think you were guilty. Then, after you'd been three years in prison, something happened to make me doubt it all the more."

"What?"

"An old neighbor called to see me. I'd almost forgotten him. He took me out to dinner, talked to me about his life in Hawaii."

"Wallace Wharton?"

She nodded. "And before the evening was over, he asked me to marry him. When I said I wouldn't, he went away. That was seven years ago."

"And that started you to thinking?"

"It made me remember that when he lived next door I'd often played golf and tennis with him. And that in an unobtrusive way he'd been attentive. Then I remembered something else: Wallace Wharton went abroad the next day after Ronald's murder. And he never announced where he was, Mr. Keith, until after your conviction."

"You decided he was guilty, just on that."

"No, I simply realised he might be, because it suggested a motive. But I wasn't sure enough to accuse him. You, I felt sure, were innocent. So I sent you the cigarettes."

Evan saw instantly that there was no coincidence. The cigarettes had arrived on the first of three dates, but only because Wharton's presence in San Francisco that day had made Pamela think of Evan. "You later sent money to my mother?" he prompted.

She nodded. "I didn't see Wharton again for three years. Then he called again, took me out to dinner, and again asked me to marry him. So again it pointed my suspicion of him and made me think in pity of you. By that time I'd learned about your mother. It was the same again three years later. Don't you see?"

Evan saw it clearly. Three times, at three-year intervals, Wharton had gone to the mainland. Each time he had proposed marriage and been refused. And his approach in each case had brought the same consistent reaction to Pamela.

"That explains the gift," Evan said. "But it doesn't explain why you're here in Honolulu."

"When you were released a week ago," she said. "I wondered if employers would give you a cold shoulder. If so, maybe I could help. I'm a director in Bruce Industries, you know. So I consulted Sam Wang."

"Who's Sam Wang?"

"An old Chinese servant who practically raised me. I talked it over with Wang. He agreed that a young widow can't properly wait at the prison gates to greet the man who was convicted of murdering her husband. So Wang said he would find out your plans, and that we would help you some way while keeping under cover."

Evan looked at her and the bitterness melted from his eyes. He said, "Thanks, Mrs. Bruce," and it sounded flat and stupidly inadequate.

"But Wang," she said, "phoned me that you were trying to get a job at a hotel. He said you had called at seven hotels and had been turned down, and now you were cooling your heels at the Presidio. I knew the manager of the Presidio quite well. So I rang him and asked him to give you a job."

Evan stared. "So that's why I got a break there?"

"An hour later he called me back," Pamela said, "and told me you hadn't asked for a job. He said all you wanted was to see his registrations for three old dates. They were the dates I had sent those gifts."

"So you knew exactly what I was after!" Evan exclaimed. "And that I'd find the name Wallace K. Wharton registered on all three dates."

"So I sent Wang to find out what

## Animal Antics



Two soles with but a single thought.

you'd do about it. He reported that you'd bought a second-hand pistol. And that you had then booked as a wiper to Honolulu. I guessed what for."

"You thought I'd walk in on Wharton, and start shooting? Or would you cable the Honolulu police?"

"And say what? That a man who has just served a prison term for the murder of my husband is on the warpath after a third man who, during the prison term, has been trying to marry me? And that the police must stop him, and take away the gun?"

Evan laughed uneasily. "You're right. It couldn't be handled that way."

"So Wang and I clipped over to handle it ourselves. And now that you've handled it, what else do you want?"

"Justice," Pamela said. "for both you and Wharton."

A polite voice intruded: "For you, Mrs. Bruce." An attendant was standing there with a telephone. Its long extension cord reached halfway across the garden.

Pamela took it and answered the call. "Hello. This is Mrs. Bruce."

Then Evan saw her expression change. An uneasy tension was in her voice as he heard her respond, successively:

"How did you know I was in town? ... The evening paper? Oh, of course; they publish the names of all clipper arrivals. How are you, Mr. Wharton? ... Dinner to-night? Please, I've hardly unpacked yet."

"Well, to-morrow, then. Good-bye." She hung up and turned troubled eyes to Evan.

"You're right," Evan said grimly. "He hasn't any conscience."

"I detest seeing him," she said. "But we'll have a better chance, don't you think, if he doesn't guess I suspect him?"

Evan approved with decision: "Keep him on the string. Have him all softened up by the time I get back from San Francisco."

Exactly two weeks later Wallace Wharton answered the telephone at his Honolulu residence. He brightened at the sound of Pamela's voice.

"Can you drop by this afternoon, Wally? There's something I want to talk about."

Wharton exulted. She was calling him Wally again, just as when they'd been tennis partners ten years ago. And three times during these last two weeks she'd dined with him.

Please turn to page 19

## Rid Kidneys of Poisons & Acids

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SHUTE

## THE PIED PIPER



**A**N ever-increasing troop of children falls into the care of JOHN HOWARD, elderly retired Englishman grieving for the death of his squadron-leader son, John, when he tries to return from the French Jura to England.

He first agrees to take RONNIE and SHEILA CAVANAGH back with him, but transport is completely disrupted by the German invasion; and as Howard struggles onward by slow, difficult stages he adds to his little band LA PETITE ROSE, from Dijon; PIERRE, whose parents are killed on the road in an air raid; and a dirty, wretched little Dutch boy whom villagers were stoning, taking him for German.

When eventually they reach the little town of Angerville, it is in German hands. Their only hope, then, is to pass themselves all off as French; but after collecting up the Dutch child from a field hospital, where he has been bathed and given new clothes, Howard finds, to his alarm, that Ronnie has disappeared.

Now read on:

**R**OSE said, "M'sieur, he has been so naughty. He wanted to see the tanks, but I told him it was wrong that he should go. I told him, m'sieur, that he was a very, very naughty little boy, and that you would be very cross with him, m'sieur. But he ran off, all alone."

Sheila piped up, loud and clear, in English, "May I go and see the tanks, too, Mr. Howard?"

Mechanically Howard said in French, "Not this evening. I told you that you were all to stay here."

He walked toward the parked tanks and lorries, anxiously scanning the crowd. There were German soldiers all about the transport, grey, weary men consciously endeavoring to fraternise with a suspicious population. Some had little phrase books in their hands, and these were trying to make conversation with the crowd.

The French peasants seemed sullen and uncommunicative. The French children, however, impelled by curiosity, clustered about the tanks.

Sheila said suddenly, "There's Ronnie over there!"

The old man turned, but could not see him. "Where is he?"

Rose said, "I see him—oh, m'sieur, what a naughty little boy. There, m'sieur, right inside the tank, there—with the German soldiers!"

A cold fear entered Howard's heart.

True enough, there was Ronnie. Howard could see his little head just sticking out of a steel hatch at the top of the gun turret as he stared eagerly to the German soldier with him. The man seemed to be holding Ronnie in his arms, lifting

him up to show him how the captain conned his tank. It was a pretty little picture of fraternisation.

The old man thought very quickly. He knew that Ronnie would most probably be talking French. There would be nothing to impel him to break into English. But he knew also that he himself must not go near the little boy, nor must his sister. In his excited state he would at once break out in English to tell them all about the tank. Yet he must be got away immediately.

Sheila plucked at the old man's sleeve. "I want my supper," she said. "May I have my supper now? Please, Mr. Howard." That was an idea. If Sheila was hungry, Ronnie would be hungry, too—unless the Germans had given him sweets. He must risk that. There was that soup kitchen that the German at the entrance to the town had spoken of. Howard could see the field cookers a hundred yards down the Place.

He showed them to Rose. "I am taking the little children down there, where the smoke is, for our supper," he said casually. "Go and fetch Ronnie, and bring him to us there. Are you hungry?"

"Oul, m'sieur." She said that she was very hungry, indeed.

He watched her running through the crowd, her bare legs twinkling. He saw her come to the tank and

speak urgently to Ronnie and the Germans. Then she was lost to sight.

The old man sent up an urgent, personal prayer for the success of her unwitting errand, as he helped Pierre push the pram toward the field cookers. There was nothing now that he could do. Their future lay in the small hands of two children.

**T**HERE was a trestle table, with benches. He parked the pram and sat Pierre and Sheila and the nameless little Dutch boy at the table. Soup was dispensed in thick bowls, with a hunk of bread; he went and drew four bowls for the lot of them and brought them to the table.

He turned, and Rose was at his elbow with Ronnie. The little boy was still flushed and ecstatic. "They took me right inside!" he said in English.

The old man said gently in French, "If you tell us in French, then Pierre can understand, too." He did not think that anyone had noticed. But the town was terribly dangerous for them.

Sheila said enviously, "Did you go for a ride, Ronnie?" The adventurer hesitated. "Not exactly," he said. "But they said I might go with them for a ride to-morrow or

*Rose came to the tank and spoke urgently to Ronnie and the Germans.*

one day. They did speak funny. I could hardly understand what they wanted to say. May I go for a ride with them to-morrow, m'sieur? They say I might."

The old man said, "We'll have to see about that. We may not be here to-morrow."

Sheila said, "Why did they talk funny, Ronnie?"

Rose said, "They are dirty Germans, who come here to murder people."

The old man coughed loudly. "Go on and eat your supper," he said, "all of you. That's enough talking for the present." More than enough, he thought; if the German dishing out the soup had overheard they would all have been in trouble.

Angerville was no place for them; at all costs he must get the children out. It was only a matter of an hour or two before exposure came. He meditated for a moment; there were still some hours of daylight. The children were tired, he knew, yet it would be better to move on, out of the town.

Chartres was the next town on his list, Chartres where he was to have taken train for St. Malo. And it suddenly came to him that at Chartres he could seek advice from an acquaintance, Colonel Rougeron, whom he and John had met at Cidoton, during their holiday there.

The problem of the little Dutch boy engaged his attention. He had not left him with the Sisters, as he had been minded to; it did not seem practical now to search out a convent.

Nor had he yet got rid of Pierre. Still Pierre was no trouble, but this new little boy was quite a serious responsibility. He could not speak one word of any language that they spoke. Howard did not even know his name. Perhaps it would be marked upon his clothes.

Then, with a shock of dismay, the old man realised that the clothes were gone forever. They had been taken by the Germans. By this time they were probably burned. It might well be that his identity was lost now till the war was over, and inquiries could be made. It might be lost forever.

The thought distressed old Howard very much. It was one thing to hand over to the Sisters a

child who could be traced. It seemed to him to be a different matter altogether when the little boy was practically untraceable.

The only link now with his past lay in the evidence which Howard alone could give. With that evidence, it might one day be possible to find his parents or his relatives. If now he were abandoned to a convent that evidence might well be lost.

That night, they slept in a deserted hayloft just outside the town, and next morning, incredibly so it seemed, they caught a tram which in three hours carried them to Chartres.

They walked out into the streets still pushing the pram. It was as easy as that—a completely uneventful journey.

Chartres, like Angerville, was full of Germans.

In a telephone booth the old man found the name of Rougeron in the directory. They lived in an apartment in the Rue Vaugraud.

Howard walked round to the place, still pushing the pram, the children trailing after him.

Rougeron lived on the second floor. There was the sound of women's voices from behind the door when Howard rang the bell. There was a step, and the door opened before him. It was the daughter, the one that he remembered eighteen months before at Cidoton.

She said, "What is it?"

In the passage it was a little dark. "Mademoiselle," he said, "I have come to see your father, Monsieur le Colonel. I do not know if you will remember me. We have met before. At Cidoton."

The young woman did not answer for a moment. The old man blinked his eyes; in his fatigue it seemed to him that she was holding tight on to the door. He recognised her very well. She wore her hair in the same close-curl, French manner; she wore a grey cloth skirt and a dark blue jumper, with a black scarf at the neck.

She said at last, "My father is away from home. I—I remember you very well, monsieur."

He said easily in French, "It is very charming of you to say so, mademoiselle. My name is Howard."

"I know that."

"Will Monsieur le Colonel be back to-day?"

She said, "He has been gone for three months, Monsieur Howard. He was near Metz. That is the last that we have heard."

He had expected as much, but the disappointment was no less keen.

"I am so sorry," he said. "I had hoped to see Monsieur le Colonel, as I was in Chartres. You have my sympathy, mademoiselle."

She drew back from the door. "Will you not come in and sit down?" she said.

He turned and motioned to the children. Then he glanced at the girl, and caught an expression of surprise, bewilderment, upon her face. "There are rather a lot of us, I'm afraid," he said apologetically.

She said, "But I—I do not understand, Monsieur Howard. Are these your children?"

He smiled. "I'm looking after them. They aren't really mine."

The little woman that Howard remembered as the Colonel's wife came bustling out; the old man greeted her ceremoniously. Then for a few minutes he stood with the children pressed close round him in the little salon of the flat, trying to make the two women understand his presence with them. It was not an easy task.

The mother gave it up. "Well, here they are," she said, content to let the why and wherefore pass. "Have they had lunch? Are they hungry?"

The children smiled shyly. Howard said, "Madame, they are always hungry. But do not derange yourself; we can get lunch in the town, perhaps?"

She said that that was not to be thought of. "Nicole, stay with m'sieur for a little, while I make arrangements." She bustled off into the kitchen.

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# PIGEON *Blake*

By . . .

**ARCH WHITEHOUSE**

**P**ERCY JOHN BUTTERWORTH, born in a Midlands city eighteen years ago, inherited considerable Lancashire guile and logic from his mother and the Midlands' calm and unreasoning love of dumb beasts from his father. But Percy John was an expert of sorts. With his father it was whippets. With Percy John it was pigeons.

The war was a shock to Percy John. You could read the papers, but all you read was bad. On this particular Saturday morning the newspapers were blaring with the announcement of the sinking of the aircraft-carrier *Sagacious*.

That was bad, but the blow suffered when he learned that his mother had disposed of his loft of homing pigeons was the final thud that settled the fate of a German battleship which at that time had not been launched.

"A man wanted them," his mother explained coldly. "A government man, an' so I sold 'em. People complaining all up and down the street about the dirt, anyway."

"But—but what are they going to do with them? Did they take Chesty and Pongo?"

"Took the lot! I don't know the names you give 'em. I just gave the man the book what 'as the band numbers in it."

"But didn't he say what they wanted them for, Mam?" Percy John persisted.

"Something about the Air Force. I don't know. It can't be that they feed the airmen on pigeons, can it? Anyway if you want to know you'd better go and ask them yourself." Mrs. Butterworth replied, charging up the alley.

And Percy John did! The ways of war are strange and mysterious, as Percy John discovered after he began his quest. The pigeon business had some influence, and he next found himself in a baggy blue uniform at the R.A.F. School of Signals.

"What about having a go at air gunnery and wireless?" the Personnel Officer at Halton asked. "I think you'd like that."

"Well, I was—er—thinking about pigeons," Percy John began.

"Pigeons? Oh, of course! Well, you get quite a lot of it at Grant-ham, you know. It's part of the gunnery practice."

Butterworth struggled with a constricted epiglottis. "Pigeons, Sir? You shoot pigeons?"

"Of course! Develops the eye and trains the reflexes. They set up a mobile Thompson-Nash turret and you fire at pigeons—that is clay pigeons. Rather good sport, what?"

Percy John's stomach wobbled

back into place and he gasped like a grampus when he realised that so far Pongo and Chesty were still off the casualty lists. He made another clutch at the soggy straws of hope.

"Couldn't I take care of the pigeons, Sir? I rather like pigeons. I used to have a loft of my own. That's why I came here to join up."

"But don't you see, Butterworth," the group-captain explained. "If you pass as a gunner-radioman, you will have charge of the pigeons. That is, the two you carry with you . . . in case . . . well, in case you are shot . . . er, that is forced down at sea. You take two carrier pigeons. You release the pigeons with a distress message and they return to your area depot and your position is known fairly quickly. You see, we need chaps like you who know how to handle pigeons," the group-captain was saying.

"But what about Pongo and Chesty?"

"Pongo and Chesty?" the group-captain spluttered. "Are those pals of yours?"

"Well, yes, Sir. In a way, Sir. They were my two best homing pigeons," explained Percy John with earnestness. "They took second and fifth in the last big race. Chesty has a rippled white collar . . . band No. 19896. Pongo's a liver-brown, Sir, band No. 28674. A government man came and took them away."

The group-captain shoved his silver-tipped hair back wearily, his slate-blue eyes staring at Butterworth.

"Then you didn't come here to . . . er . . . join up? You came to find a couple of pigeons?"

"Well, no. Not exactly, Sir. I'm quite willing to fight the Nazis . . . If . . . well, about Chesty and Pongo, Sir?"

The personnel officer paced off three lengths of the office. He repeated over and over in his mind the fact that the strangest people make good air gunners. Choir boys, shoe clerks, ex-jockeys they had.

Aircraftman Butterworth bore none of these qualifications. All he possessed was a one-sided and unreasoning loyalty to a pair of pigeons. Still, he reflected, the Fleet Air Arm was screaming for gunners. They had plenty of pigeons in the Fleet Air Arm.

"We've got a war on, Butterworth," he began again. "It's a tough war, and you're in it, whether you like it or not. We're not winning this war as yet and it may be a long time before we do. How'd you like to help us win it?"

"Me, Sir?" gargled Percy John.

"I want you to do me a special favor, Butterworth. I want you to

go in for a gunner-radioman. I want you to put in for Fleet Air Arm posting. Whatderyesay?"

The gods twanged a string and Percy John's uncertainty recoiled against the demon of his fear and he answered, "Yes, Sir. I'll do my best. Never mind about the pigeons, Sir."

"No. I'll take those band numbers, Butterworth. I'll see what I can do for you. Is it a deal?" the group-captain asked, shoving out his hand. Percy John took it, then saluted and backed off, feeling that he had agreed to lie down in front of a train.

In due course Air-Gunner Percy John Butterworth was officially de-

livered aboard H.M.S. *Indomitable* and placed on the strength of No. 22 torpedo-bomber squadron. He had advanced through the training schools without particular distinction, but the personnel group-captain always remembered him as he went along.

"Which of you men is Air-Gunner Butterworth?" the senior air officer demanded, following a cursory deck inspection.

Percy John stepped forward one pace—and quaked.

"Oh! So you're the pigeon bloke," the senior air officer crackled from beneath his peaked cap. "Well, we're sorry to disappoint you, but we have only very ordinary homing pigeons here. Is that clear?"

It wasn't, but Percy John stifled words through his clenched teeth and stepped back.

"We have no one aboard listed as . . . er . . . Chesty and," the S.A.O. consulted a sheet of message forms again and frowned. "Chesty and Pongo. I hope you won't mind the

"Perhaps if you knew the band numbers, Sir," popped out of Percy



*The blow had been delivered. The Raider had been stopped.*

**OUT OF THE BAG**

HIS JOB WAS ALWAYS ON THE RISE FROM DIZZY HEIGHTS HE HUNG

BUT DOWN ON EARTH HE COULDN'T CLIMB THE LOWEST SOCIAL RUNG

HE NEVER GUESSED THAT WORKSTAINED HANDS WERE SPOILING ALL HIS CHANCES

BUT SOLVOL QUICKLY PUT THAT RIGHT - AND NOW HE'S MOBBED AT DANCES

**ALL HANDS TODAY NEED SOLVOL**



## PERCY JOHN was quite willing to have a crack at the Nazis, but his prime concern was for Chesty and Pongo — his beloved prize homers.

John before he could stopper the flow of suggestion.

"Silence!" cannonaded a barrel-chested chief petty officer.

Percy John wilted and heard no more.

"This is an aircraft-carrier, not a pet shop," the S.A.O. was saying. "We are under orders to join the North Atlantic patrol of the Second Battle Squadron and we expect action. That's all. Dismiss!"

Percy John semaphored through the formality of saluting again and managed to stumble over his kit bag. The others fluttered away and charged for the superstructure compartments as though they had been born aboard aircraft-carriers.

"Come lad," a pleasant paternal voice said behind him, "ye'll no be gettin' anywhere standin' here like yer hobnails are rusted to the deck."

"Yes, Sir? No, Sir!" said Percy John, gushing like a soggy petard.

"Ah'm yer pilot, lad. Flight-Lieutenant Fraser," the Scot explained, grabbing Butterworth by the shoulder. "Ye seem a little flustered, lad."

"Yes, Sir. You see, I'd hardly expected all this," Percy John said, glancing along the length of the deck flight deck.

"Aye. This war is full o' disappointments, lad. Ah wanted tae be a Spitfire pilot, an' here Ah am, a'bugin' a blasted great torpedo boat!"

Percy John liked Flight-Lieutenant Fraser from the start. They at least had something in common. He poured out his soul there before

the blast screen. Fraser nodded compassionately.

"Well, ye mustn't take the senior air officer too serious," he advised. "He agrees he knows a wee bit about pigeons," muttered Fraser, standing off and getting a better view of what he had drawn in this lottery of men and machines. In the first dip he'd plucked a Swordfish instead of a Spitfire. Now he'd been saddled with a flustered gunner who loved pigeons, and probably knew nothing about extracting a bulged cartridge.

"Ah admire yer loyalty, lad," he added, "but ye'd be better off makin' certain of yer stoppages. By the time ye'll be puttin' yer hopes on a pigeon, there's little hope left."

"You don't know Chesty and Pongo, Sir," Percy John said proudly. "Aye! But Ah hope ye never have tae touch one while yer actin' as gunner for me, lad. But come, we'll go below an' get ye settled."

THE Indubitable churned out of the harbor of Scapa Flow late the next afternoon, her signal panel flicking off coded orders. The cruisers ahead were grim and overbearing, anxious to show their power, but self-conscious of the might of the battle-ships Barham, Warspite, Valiant and Malaya.

The destroyers took up the patrol sublime in their belief they alone were responsible for the security and safety of the squadron. Overhead boomed the Sunderlands.

"You'd think they'd spotted her, the way they chuck their weight

about," the flight deck officer was saying from the starboard director tower. "Cheeky little Walrus amphibian managed to clear the Tremendous before she went down. Someone will get gonged for getting her off the catapult. Fine job of work, that."

"They say she's making a break for it above the Faroes," the gunnery officer added. "It is the Raeder, isn't it?"

"Rather! First salvo at twenty-three thousand took the Tremendous steering gear away, and from then on she couldn't keep the convoy together. Beasty luck, that!"

Below, Flight-Lieutenant Fraser was going over enemy silhouettes and outway diagrams with Percy John in the lecture-room.

"Ye'll see from this chart," Fraser was saying, "she's a big one. Ye'll tell her mainly by her single funnel with the catapults aft. She's verra compact an' ye'll notice too how her main turrets are planted close to the fore and aft range-finder platforms . . . as compared now with the lengths of the Queen Elizabeth, here. There's not much to hit, lad. Ye'll black portion is heavy armor."

Percy John stared at the skeleton drawing of the Raeder with as much awe as he might produce were he inspecting the internal arrangements of some prehistoric mammoth.

"Would one of our torpedoes stop her, Sir?" he asked faintly.

"Not them lad. All theirs left for us to aboot at is this short portion forward or this little bit aft. We'll not worry about that. We'll

try to get their Arados. See von catapults? They have four Arados aboard her lad. Two for you and two for me," gloated Flight-Lieutenant Fraser.

"Arados, Sir?"

"Aye lad. That's their seaplanes . . . for spotin'. We'll spot 'em!"

"But our torpedo, Sir. What about the torpedo?"

Fraser steadied a wince and turned away. He sensed that young Butterworth had all the confidence and the feeling of Eternity that is reserved to youth. To Percy John it seemed a simple matter to plant a 1000-pound torpedo into the few available feet of a racing battleship.

He couldn't know, even though the diagrammed illustration showed them, that there were seven anti-aircraft gun turrets along the port and starboard sides of the Raeder. Those 4-point-1's and 3-point-5's on high-angle flak mountains could hurl almost a ton of metal death at them during the few seconds it took to complete a torp-attack from the desired level. But how easy it looked and sounded in the weekly picture magazines!

"We'll get rid of the torp, lad," Mangus Fraser said finally. "But wait until we get a sight on the bait Arados. We can whip them, lad."

And with that Flight-Lieutenant Fraser headed for the gun room.

Percy John stared at the silhouette again and caught it all. The difference in their years was bridged in a flash. His immature intellect galloped a few startled paces and caught up with the fearful imagination of his pilot.

"I don't think Mister Fraser likes torpedo-bombing," he muttered. "I think he'd sooner fight . . . a bit higher up. Still if we had Chesty and Pongo it wouldn't be too bad."

Seventeen hours out of Scapa Flow contact was made with the German raider squadron.

The Indubitable was lathering up for her task now and maintaining station as long as possible with the cruisers and capital ships. Her escort destroyer moved in again as the signal panel began to scraunch in sadistic chorus with the chain hoists of the lifts.

The mysterious programme of action was bewildering to most of the flying personnel, who felt helpless amid this harsh efficiency of bridge and deck. They could only stand by while the Fairey Swordfish and Fulmar fighters were brought up on the lifts and run into the shelter of the low screens. They could only keep repeating in their minds the

details and data of the course the senior air officer had given them in the operations cabin.

"Ah hear she got the Tremendous," Flight-Lieutenant Fraser muttered at Percy John while they waited for their Swordfish's wings to be opened and locked. "She went down last night, trying to shield a convoy."

"Will there be a battle, Sir?"

"Aye. An' we're supposed to stop her . . . somehow!"

Fraser turned and glanced at the scarlet war head of the fifteen-hundred-pound torpedo that hung from the cradle between the wheels of his torpedo-bomber.

"Yon detonator in that blasted thing is enough to blow a man's leg off."

"But . . . it can't do any harm to us, can it, Sir?"

"Not unless a slug gets through the nose casing before we get rid of it. In that case, lad . . ."

FRASER closed his bristle-fringed eyes and turned to the artificer who was holding an engine logbook for him to initial.

Percy John felt hungry for the first time since he had been aboard this floating madhouse. He tightened the belt of his overall and made another adjustment on his Irvin parachute harness. He fumbled with the instep straps of his flying boots, then stood erect again and tried the fit of his helmet. C.P.O.'s were barking advice to him. Deck officers were giving him warnings and deck ratings pleaded with him to make sure "Mister Fraser got one home!"

Butterworth answered each in turn, saluting and clicking his heels to all and sundry. The whole business made Percy John's saliva glands give off a fluid that tasted like battery acid.

His fear was rising now. He was watching Flight-Lieut. Fraser who stood on the wing root collecting the "Ready" signals from the other pilots of his section. Butterworth's fear was reaching its highest possible pitch, because he knew now that Fraser was wishing he was a Spitfire pilot. He swallowed hard and tried to remember what the code letters were for. "We are carrying out a forced landing." He stuck his foot into the wing stirrup and somehow managed to clamber up into the rear cockpit.

"All gear aboard, Butterworth?" Fraser asked with clarity through the communication phones.

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# Pigeon Bloke

Continued from page 7

"I THINK so, Sir," Percy John replied. "I checked her below before she was brought on the deck."

A round jovial face appeared suddenly over the outer rim of the gun mounting. "Ere's yer poultry, Butterworth! Wiv the compliments of the senior air officer," yelled the loft attendant, shoving over a small oblong wicker basket. "An' ere's yer chubies and message forms. Sign 'ere!'"

The loft man leaned over and hooked the basket inside the fuselage well aft of the gun mounting. Percy John glanced over the equipment sheet and signed for two pigeons, two message tubes and a pad of tissue sheets. He glanced at the band numbers, but they in no way coincided with 19896 or 29874—a double set of digits he remembered as well as he recalled his own name. He wondered if the group-captain at Halton still had those numbers.

The steam-jet wind direction indicator was bathing a damp patch on the deck. The helmsman brought the Indubitable around and the feather of vapor swept down, sending 800 horse-power and half a ton of high explosive thundering down the deck.

There was a dull hollow emptiness inside Percy John's frame as the Swordfish hung suspended over the death area below the deck lip, and he drew in his breath until Fraser eased back on the stick and curled her into the clear.

They filled their safety belts again, and Butterworth watched the second torpedo-bomber of their section crawl down the deck and then suddenly slam over into a savage climbing turn.

Fraser sensed that that was Chick Ransome, slight and frail, but as game as a bantam cock.

Pilot-Officer Malcolm Wortley screamed off next. Wortley was a simple soul, beloved by every rating aboard the Indubitable. He flew her off straight and gained altitude carefully and then set upstairs until

Fraser and Ransome moved into position.

The three Swordfish circled the carrier once and got the final "Away" signal from the jack staff. Fraser glanced over again and saw a covey of Fulmars sweeping into the sky to protect them.

The course was almost due north. The Raeder was racing for the sanctuary of some Norwegian fiord. The Fulmars were well above them now and, cruising in wide S-turns keen on the scent of the German raider.

It was young Wortley who spotted her first. The Fulmars had curved away too far to the east and the Raeder was screwing into a gossamer design of surface mist.

"Isn't that her, Fraser?" young Wortley inquired over his flap-like mike. "Ahead there, about two o'clock through that hole shaped like Rutlandshire."

"Looks more like Lanarkshire to me," protested the Scot, "but Ah see what you mean, Malcolm. Ay, that's her. Where's the Fulmars?" "Rutlandshire," persisted Wortley. Then the world was suddenly framed off in angular chunks with tracer lines forming the outlines. There was a dull but penetrating explosive thud that seemed to hammer with a rubber mallet on one side of their fuselage. They twisted and saw Ransome blown clear of his craft and flung like a pudgy rag doll from a tangle of wreckage that had been his Swordfish. He seemed to have been forked out with a trident of scarlet flame jabbed from somewhere below the top.

Fraser turned and stared at Butterworth. Percy John stared back at him. Neither said a word. The tangle of dural and wing panels dropped out of sight through the cloud banks.

"Confound it, man," raged Fraser over his shoulder. "Did ye not see that Arado?"

A German biplane with stubby floats came down out of nowhere

blasting at them with her fixed Parabelums. Fraser, bellowing Highland oaths, whanged the Swordfish up at her and tried to get his Aldis sight on the seaplane as she pulled out of her dive. There was a crackle of gunfire from Wortley's rear pit that rang cupronickel off the Jerry's floats, and Fraser's machine fell off into a stall-slip and alighted into a cloud bank.

In as many seconds as it takes to tell the sky was clear of planes. Fraser stared about, picked up a flap-mike and reported back to the Indubitable of his contact. Then he called Wortley and tried to reform.

"I didn't see him in time, Sir," wailed Percy John over Fraser's shoulder.

"Ay, lad. That's the law of compensation. Ransome saw him an' probably tried to head him off. You're still here an' Ransome's well, lad, there's Arados in these clouds somewhere."

"But what about the battleship, Sir? It's below, you know."

"We'll take care of him later, lad. I want that Arado!"

THE Swordfish with her heavy torpedo struggled to get through the cloud bank. Fraser was ignoring the Raeder entirely in his effort to get revenge on the Jerry seaplane. They slipped into the clear once and spotted a Messerschmitt 110 fluttering down minus a wing. Then Fraser screamed like a top-pitch drone of a bagpipe and whanged the Swordfish across the sky as he spotted an Arado.

Percy John reacted to the twanging of plucked strings that was going on inside him, and leaped into the fray with a zest he had never before experienced. Fraser bellowed his war cry again as he saw Percy John place a Grantham bead on the Arado and carefully direct three short bursts into her. The seaplane rolled over, gushed flame from her

engine cowlings and threw a float clean over her top wing.

Percy John sat down, and caught himself blubbering. He gripped the sides hard while the Scot doll-danced the Swordfish after an Arado, alighting front-gun lead all over the sky.

Butterworth's eyes gradually became adjusted to the changes of light that were flicking on and off under the deck and he suddenly remembered the pigeons.

"Poor little creatures," he blubbered. "You'll be knocked to pieces in here. Keep your wings closed tight or you'll rip all your coverts out against the bars. Here . . . I'll hold on to you for a few minutes."

Suddenly the insanity going on about him no longer impaled him with fear and terror. He unhooked the wicker basket and drew it towards him and held it so that the walling slipstream would not knife through the wicker frame. Flight-Lieut. Fraser was still chasing Arados and taking no notice of the German battleship below which was now hammering bracketing shots at them.

Percy John raised the basket gently to peer through the bars and let out a low cry of recognition. There could be no mistake about it. A liver-brown and a blue with a rippled neck band. And a small tag inside with: "With the compliments of the senior air officer," block-lettered on it. Different numbers, but Chesty and Pongo just the same!

"Chesty! . . . Pongo!" Percy John cried.

Then a spasm of tempestuous realisation constricted his shoulder muscles. It was like a story, and yet . . . The senior air officer had bawled him out, and yet . . . This was something he had always wanted to live . . . The realisation that he really had friends . . . The senior air officer . . . The sensation of being something in this great drama, this adventure. Chesty and Pongo!

Butterworth's clothes suddenly fitted, his shoes took a comforting grip about his insteps. He tucked the basket under his arm and stood up.

"Mister Fraser! Mister Fraser!" he yelled. "We can do it now! We can do it. We've got Chesty and Pongo! Chesty and Pongo! My homies. You can take a chance now, Sir! They'll get in safe if we have a forced landing, Sir!"

Fraser edged around and peered at Butterworth and then at the upper corner of the basket.

"She's down there, Sir. The Raeder! We can take a chance on her. We've got Chesty and Pongo."

They were in the first five in the big race I told you about.

Fraser gargled into a welter of unintelligible dialect, and then added: "Five hundred miles, they'll have to fly if we go down, lad!"

"But they can do it, Sir. Chesty did five hundred in less than eight hours, Sir."

"With a good wind, eh, lad?"

"Light breeze, Sir," admitted Percy John. "But we can take a chance, can't we, Sir?"

"Ah well, we've downed all the Arados that came up; we might as well try the torp, eh, lad?"

"You'll try, Sir? You'll take a chance?"

"The senior air officer didn't put them birds in yer basket fer nothin'. The man's a student of human nature. Hang on, lad!"

The loggy Swordfish shuddered up with a surge of twangy flying wires and a floundering Fulmar fighter fluttered past dragging a curled boa of flame. Fraser screamed at it and rammed his rudder pedal over hard. Percy John hung on, replaced the pigeon basket, and crouched ready with his gun. The ack-ack guns of the Raeder flamed jets of saffron and the shells screamed past them as the torpedo-bomber started down. The raider swung hard against a port rudder and tried to escape. The Swordfish bounced off a buttress of explosive blast and almost went over on her back.

"Chesty and Pongo," breathed Percy John, and prayed for a plane target.

Fraser forced the big biplane back into her attack glide and reached forward for the release. An Arado slammed at them from a tight angle and Percy John with his rear gun managed to spread a packet for them to slam into. The German seaplane continued on and then exploded in mid-air when a Fulmar fighter javelined in from somewhere behind Fraser's tail.

glanced round. The layout below was increasing in size and detail and spreading out across the frame of the centre-section struts. The Jerry gunners were slamming it at them over open sights now and an outer wing strut went away with the plunk of a giant banjo string. The Swordfish jerked and tried to get her head as an alleron ripped away, leaving a snag tooth of duralumin and a flutter of doped fabric.

The angle was right now as Fraser tortured the Swordfish into the required dive.

"There's not much to hit," he called to Percy John, "just a bit aft of the rear gun turret!"

The fear of the torpedo was gone now. What of it if the detonator was powerful enough to blow a man's leg off? What of it if a slug caught it? It was only eighteen inches across the nose. They hadn't much to hit either!

Fraser huddled down lower against the specks of flame that pecked from a forward pom-pom platform and then drew the Swordfish out trim on the streamlined stack of the Raeder. She was trying to turn again and he prayed he had judged his angle correctly. He closed his eyes, faced in his vitals again and yanked back on the cradle release.

As they clambered on up through the tornado of meal and tracer the Swordfish leaped with the release of the projectile and Percy John caught himself by the heels as the violent jerk almost threw him clear. The torpedo-bomber went into a steep climbing turn, her wing tip pivoting through the smoke trailing to leeward from the Raeder. They charged through the acid screen and came out into the clear. Percy John looked back and saw a chalk line being drawn across the rollers by some invisible hand and heading dead for the stern of the battleship.

He scrambled around and bellowed at Fraser, who was fighting the Swordfish to get her on an even keel again. Below, a tremendous geyser of greenish-white spumed up and fell across the aft deck of the Raeder and appeared to be trying to gain a throttle hold on the superstructure with gigantic icy paws.

The sound came next; an ear-splitting boom of metallic stridency that punched a bolster of air pressure at the tail of the Swordfish and rammed her forward until she threatened to buckle in the middle and bucket into a dive.

The blow had been delivered and the Raeder had been stopped. She had been halted and it was but a matter of hours before the heavy cruisers could come up and deliver the coup de grace.

"They're all right, Sir. They're safe!" Percy John ranted, over Fraser's shoulder.

"The Scot swore. 'I was certain we hauled her clean!' he said."

"We did, Sir. Smack in the screws . . . in the stern. I meant Chesty and Pongo. They're all right. Both of them!"

"Ay. The senior air officer will be very glad to know that, lad. He's been givin' his personal attention to those two for several weeks now. Ah knew what was expected of us when ye told me he'd put them aboard."

"And we didn't need them after all. But it was nice to know they were aboard, eh, Sir?"

"Verra nice, lad. Verra nice," Fraser admitted.

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● On personal appearance tour with "Wings and the Woman" (biography of Amy Johnson, in which she plays the famous flier) RKO's Anna Neagle studies possible film scripts between shows.

●Wishing him luck, Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda on the Columbia set, where Henry made his final appearance before joining the Navy as an apprentice seaman.

## HOLLYWOOD IS ON THE MOVE

From VIOLA MACDONALD  
in Hollywood

**K**EEPING track of screen players to-day is one of the biggest jobs in wartime Hollywood.

Enlistments, tours, and war work keep the colony so much on the move that the only time a player stands still is when he is before the camera.

Judy Garland is wanted for a glamor photograph, but Judy is "out of town" running a house near the Army camp which her husband, David Rose, has just joined. Edward G. Robinson is wanted for a retake, but Edward is off by Clipper to England to entertain the American troops there.

Automatically one enters Warner Bros. to see James Cagney. But James has moved to United Artists, where his first independent film, "McLeod's Polly" (from a Louis Bromfield yarn), will be made. Even contract players switch from studio to studio so quickly, under the wartime talent pool, that no address can be taken for granted.

Paramount has four films lined up for Bob Hope—but Bob is fighting to cut his picture schedule to two a year, so that he can devote the rest of his time travelling for war work.

The British colony plans to entertain Anna Neagle, and has to cancel its date, as her personal-appearance tour will keep Anna out of town for much longer than was expected.

Judith Anderson sells her beach-house because she is never here longer than to make a film and rush back to the stage. Jeanette MacDonald has vanished into the Sierras to write a screen play based on her experiences in singing for soldiers.

Even Gene Autry's horse, which fretted himself into starvation after Autry's departure for the Air Corps, is on the move to-day—so Arizona, where he can see Gene daily, in the latter's leave-period from training camp!



*Movie World*

● Busman's holiday for Irene Dunne, who inspects Universal's Arizona ranch—and props—before moving over to Metro, where she will appear for a change in a Victorian murder melodrama called "Gaslight." Like many other actresses to-day, Irene prefers free-lance work to being bound by a contract.





● Noel Coward's new naval film, "In Which We Serve," presents Coward himself, not only as a destroyer's captain but as a family man. Stage actress Celia Johnstone plays his wife.



● The destroyer *Torrid*, of the Coward film, and her adventures were inspired by the real-life saga of the *Kelly*, which is commanded by Lord Louis Mountbatten.

## Royal interest in Noel Coward film

By cable from ANNE MATHESON in London

THE Noel Coward film, "In Which We Serve," might be said to have been made under Royal patronage, for it has certainly had Royal interest and Royal approval.

When the film was in production at Denham its set was visited by the King and Queen. They took the Princesses, and while the King amazed everyone by up the ship's ladder in true sailor fashion the Queen talked to the men and took tea with them, served from the studio's canteen.

The Princesses of course were wildly excited, for they had never before seen over a studio. There wasn't a point they missed from the make-up of the actors to the make-up of the giant destroyer *Torrid*, which occupied every inch of the sound-stage.

Noel Coward told me: "The King and Queen stayed for three hours on the set, which was a signal honor for us."

"Afterwards they saw the day's rushes. The King was watching all the time to see that the detail was accurate, for he is a Naval man and would soon detect flaws."

"I have consulted an expert on every point, and had wonderful co-operation from the Admiralty," declared Coward.

The Court mourning for the Duke of Kent (who with the Duchess had often visited the picture's set) of course prevented the film's formal premiere to which the Duke had promised his patronage, and which was to have been attended by all the Royal Family.

"In Which We Serve" has, however, been released in London, and the co-operation of the Admiralty is evident in every detail.

Never before have so many distinguished people been on the set while scenes of a picture were being shot. Scarcely a week went by at Denham without a visit from either Lord Louis Mountbatten himself or some high official of the Admiralty.

Noel Coward wrote the story of "In Which We Serve" from the first-hand account of Lord Louis' adventures in the destroyer *Kelly* and secured his most willing co-operation.

Not only did Lord Louis help with the script (Coward is a great per-



● Their ship torpedoed. Men of the *Torrid* float in the oil-coated water. This scene from "In Which We Serve" was filmed under the eye of Lord Louis Mountbatten.

sonal friend), but he lent some of his own equipment. The binoculars Coward's Navy captain uses are his. And the film's ship's bell is one which was formerly in the *H.M.S. Kelly*.

Lady Louis Mountbatten often visited the set, too. She was there when they filmed the torpedoing scene and saw re-created on the set something of what her husband and his men had gone through in real life.

In the film the destroyer in which is portrayed the lives of the men who serve the Navy has been christened *The Torrid*.

The *Torrid* is the real heroine of the film. There are women in the cast. Celia Johnstone appears as Coward's wife and Kay Walsh in the story marries John Mills' character, "Shorty" Blake. But *The Torrid*—not they and their children—dominates the lives of their men.

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## Important roles for Clive Brook

DENHAM Studios are now producing Frederic Lonsdale's brilliant domestic comedy, "On Approval," with Clive Brook, Beatrice Lillie, Roland Culver, and Googie Withers.

In addition to playing the leading role of the Duke of Bristol, Clive Brook is co-producer with Sydney Fox. "On Approval" is a tonic for the times, with plenty of bright and crackling dialogue, and a lavish setting of London society in the Edwardian days.

When this film is finished Clive Brook will head the cast of "Flemish Farm," which Two Cities are making. The script of this picture is based on actual facts dealing with the exploits of a Belgian airman who recently returned to Belgium to recover the flag of his unit, which was hidden at the time of the Belgian capitulation.

Despite the fact that it is a wartime theme, this will not be a war film in the accepted sense, for it is chiefly concerned with the emotional reactions of the principal characters. Jane Baxter is also in the cast.

## DANDRUFF goes overnight

Dandruff is so unsightly; don't stand for it another day! The proven treatment is Listerine Antiseptic which kills the dandruff germ instantly, stops itching and burning, dissolves ugly scales and promotes healthy hair growth. Add a little olive oil if the scalp is too dry and get started to-day.

## Shampoo with LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

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• Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid in romantic mood. This scene is taken from Michele's first RKO film, "Joan of Paris," in which the young French star scored an instantaneous success.



• At first Hollywood couldn't understand Michele with her moods and sudden despondency, then romance came along and worked miracles.

## MICHELE FINDS ROMANCE

BRIDEGROOM IS "BIT" PLAYER  
BILL MARSHALL, OF CHICAGO

Cabled from VIOLA MACDONALD in Hollywood

A COUPLE of months ago a 22-year-old French star Michele Morgan astonished Hollywood when she announced her engagement to Bill Marshall, a young American, and one of Warners' "bit" players. Three weeks later they were married. It is the first marriage for both, although previously rumor had romantically linked Michele and Jean Gabin, with whom she has made several films.

The other day I met Michele looking positively radiant. She said: "Bill Marshall gave me back my faith in men. While making 'Joan of Paris' I was very disillusioned about the men I met. They all misunderstood me and seemed to think

that French girls were not serious and simply out for a good time. I decided that I would never go out with Hollywood men again, and then I met Bill."

Young Marshall apparently felt the same way when he first saw Michele. He was making a test at RKO when he wandered on to the "Joan of Paris" set and watched the French star at work. He asked Michele to have lunch with him, and when she refused asked her every day until she finally agreed. After that they spent their evenings together philosophizing on love and life.

"It was during those talks,"

Michele continued, "that Bill pointed out how wrong my attitude and beliefs were concerning American men."

Michele colored demurely when she admitted that Bill had finally convinced her that American men were the best in the world and she consented to marry him.

"He is romantic and idealistic and I am very lucky," she said. "And his mother and sister are wonderful to me, because my own family are in France and I miss them very much."

Only a few intimate friends attended the simple church wedding, and Michele offset her lovely, creamy complexion with a pale blue satin frock and a Juliet cap with flowing veil.

Their brief honeymoon consisted of a trip to Palm Springs, but they are hoping to spend Christmas in New York.

Owing to the war they have not made any plans for the future, although it is unlikely that Bill will be called up for a few months as he is the sole support of his family.

### Keeping on work

WHEN he goes Michele intends to carry on with her screen-work as she is under contract to make one film a year for RKO and two for Universal, and it seems likely that she will be lent to United Artists to make "Girl from Leningrad," dealing with the Russian women guerrillas.

Michele stressed the happiness, yet complete simplicity, of her life with Bill. "We have no servants and take turns in preparing the meals. Most evenings we stay at home listening to symphony records or studying plays. I am teaching Bill to speak French, and he is trying to show me what American home life is like and telling me about the country which as yet I haven't really seen."

Bill Marshall was born in Chicago and was educated at military school in Mexico. He joined a band as crooner and later had his own band. He then turned to acting and got his first break in "Lady in the Dark" opposite Gert-rude Lawrence. He has only had a few unimportant roles in pictures.

However, this young man is certainly responsible for the amazing change in Michele.

It seems incredible to think that she was once Hollywood's unhappy girl, because now she positively glows with contentment.



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— she needs sleep

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from lack of sleep, get a tin of Horlicks to-day. Drink it hot before bed, and have deep, restful sleep to-night, to-morrow night, and every night from now on. You can buy Horlicks in tins, 3/-, or handy glass jars, 3/-. (Prices slightly higher in the country.)



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Page 11



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BOTH IN THIS FIGHT!**

**THE ONE SOAP  
SPECIALLY MADE TO  
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Lunch with Tom before he went back to camp helped me make up my mind. In the office that afternoon I couldn't help thinking: "He's doing a good job; but am I?"



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SO REFRESHING, SO  
MILD TO MY SKIN, AND  
HOW GRAND TO KNOW  
THAT IN SPITE OF  
HARD WORK I'M SAFE  
FROM B.O.**

A soothing Lifebuoy bath at the end of the day is just what the doctor ordered! That rich creamy lather eases aches and weariness away—keeps me so fresh and dainty.



Since I joined up, I'm A.I. with my conscience again. Being a W.A.A.F. is fun, but my muscles didn't think so at first. Still I know how to deal with them.



A rare leave is all the time Tom and I have together, but with both of us in this show, we're really doing something to hasten that rosy future we've planned, instead of just dreaming.

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W.60.1

## Aunt Polly says....

The only thing that's worse than a person who never thinks of what he says, is the person who always says everything he thinks.

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Luck in marriage is like

playin' cards—it depends on the hand you're holding.

Buttin' in on a family quarrel is a sure way to get the family united—against you.

The postman's my friend for life. When his wife went away for a week, seems he left a stack o' dish-washing till the last night. Guess my tip about Rinso's long-lasting suds took a load off his mind!



*Its richer, thicker suds make  
the whole wash sparkle*

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NORTH AFRICA . . .  
400,000 sq. miles takenLIBYA . . .  
75,000 prisoners taken(Left) ORAN,  
Algerian naval  
base, taken by  
Allies. (Right) Axis  
prisoners in Libya.

## We will always remember . . . November '42

### Good news from all fronts renews faith in victory

By ELIZABETH WILMOT

When we remember this November in the years to come I think we'll each recall one first moment when our hearts turned a somersault and something inside us said, "This is it!"

I CAME in from the garden that Sunday afternoon and found I'd missed the first few sentences of the news.

"President Roosevelt has made an appeal to the French not to resist Allied landing forces," was what I heard.

That was my moment. I found myself saying, "Don't let this be another Dunkirk or another Singapore, or even just another Dieppe. Let it be the real thing."

No doubt about a million other people were saying just the same thing just then.

No doubt their hearts were turning somersaults, too, and no doubt they, too, knew somehow that this indeed was the real thing.

People living in windowless, broken-walled homes in England . . . people in France looking in hate at Nazi banners flying over their cities . . . people starving in Greece, suffering in Czechoslovakia, in Norway, in Austria . . . people everywhere who still believed in freedom, shared that hope that day.

We can never forget November, 1942.

Whatever hardships and sorrows lie ahead before victory is won, this month will remain in our minds as the glorious time of first triumphs,

when it became possible to dream again of peace and the things of peace.

For three years we've been reading newspapers and listening to the radio in a sort of tortured fascination, pathetically grateful for crumbs of comfort from small successes, grimly repressive of the doubts and fears that rose as we learned of strategical retreats, magnificent failures, undeniable disasters.

But this month we've listened and read in almost unbelieving delight as good news broke again and again, scattering the spangles of success and hope before our war-weary eyes.

I didn't realise how deeply the long story of our setbacks had bitten into my consciousness until I found how hard it was to accept this new gladdening sort of news at its face value.

Our hopes used to be raised too easily by any sort of soothing syrup, distributed to sweeten the sour dish of news.

Yet we should have been prepared for something. It wasn't the first taste of good news.

Three or four days before we'd learned that the stout-hearted British Tommy, with the Anzacs and the South Africans, had started Rommel on his long run back into the desert of Libya.

"Egypt battle becomes a rout!" the posters shouted.

"It's a debacle," an Allied pilot reported after seeing the German forces in flight.

General Alexander cabled General Blamey that the Aussies, under General Morshead, were magnificent. "They played a major part in our great victory," he said.

For weeks Rome, Berlin, and Vichy radios had been talking somewhat excitedly about British warships massing round Gibraltar, and great convoys landing there.

But most of us had been too weary and too wary to decide that it meant anything.

Sunday, November 8, gave us the real meaning . . . blitz in North Africa.

The next day details were being filled out. We learned this was no hit-and-run raid, but a real answer to our thwarted longing for action that might get this war over.

### Next move?

SUDDENLY we were back to maps—those maps of Europe and the Mediterranean we had put away, sick in heart, after tracing the hideous Battle of the Bulge that led to the fall of France.

We began to argue where the Allies would go next.

"Up through Italy?"

"No, they'll have to cross the Alps to get to Germany that way."

"Up through Greece?"

"Well, they'd be nearer the Russian front there."

"They'll go for Marseilles and Toulon for sure."

"But what about the French Fleet there? We don't know what they intend to do yet . . ."

And so on . . .

Heady stuff is victory, with its exhilarating urge to plan the next success and the one after.

Personalities became glamorous again. Alexander seemed a fitting name for a British general sweeping triumphantly across Egypt as a conqueror.

We cherished the thought that General Montgomery's father had been Bishop of Tasmania, and claimed the right to wear a Digger hat because of that.

Eisenhower became a name as familiar as Curdin. We were quite delighted to learn that General Eisenhower, of the U.S., running the North African show, eats raw meat sandwiches, suitable diet for heroes.

His mother in Kansas, talking of her 32-year-old son, said: "I hope Dwight will be a good boy and come home soon. He always gets what he wants."

Round the name of Darlan, French Admiral from the Vichy ranks, beat thousands of words as the world's onlookers asked was this a case of the double-cross over the double-cross.

Was Darlan an opportunist rushing in on the winning side? Was he a patriot long waiting his chance to get vengeance for stricken France?

Would he turn our friend or foe? We didn't know, but it was vastly intriguing. We could be intrigued



GENERAL MORSHEAD, commanding Australians in Egypt.



GENERAL EISENHOWER, commander in North Africa.



GENERAL BLAMEY, who directs the Australians in New Guinea.



VICE-ADMIRAL HALSEY, hero of U.S. victory in Solomons.

by such questions now. We saw ourselves strong in arms again, not vulnerable to the dagger of every traitor.

And all the while, less spectacularly, but with a steady progress that warmed our hearts, the brave young men from Australia's shops and banks and factories were pushing the Japanese back, back to the northern beaches from which they had spread over New Guinea.

It was easy to imagine how along the Kokoda trail and down the Owen Stanley mountains, through the dark ravines and over the heart-breaking mud slopes, the word passed from man to man, "The Allies have taken North Africa."

"And we're on our way to Buna," they'd have said, and wrenched their feet from the mud with renewed vigor.

It's been good to think what triumphs mean to the boys on other battle fronts.

Temporarily between us and the good news came the sight of a Japanese battle fleet ploughing through the Pacific to menace the Solomons again.

It stretched "as far as the eye could see."

Probably our long experience in bad news was responsible for the sort of fatalistic calm we felt about this doorstep threat.

It seemed logical that there should be one bad bit in the news, and if, as Cabinet Ministers said, possible invasion of Australia hinged on this, well, we've been awfully lucky so far . . .

Then suddenly the headlines were shouting again . . . "Great Naval Victory in Solomons . . . 23 Jap ships sunk."

Admiral Nimitz, U.S. Pacific Fleet Commander, in an unconventional announcement said:

"I feel pretty good. We have just had a great battle, and one of the decisive battles of the war . . ."

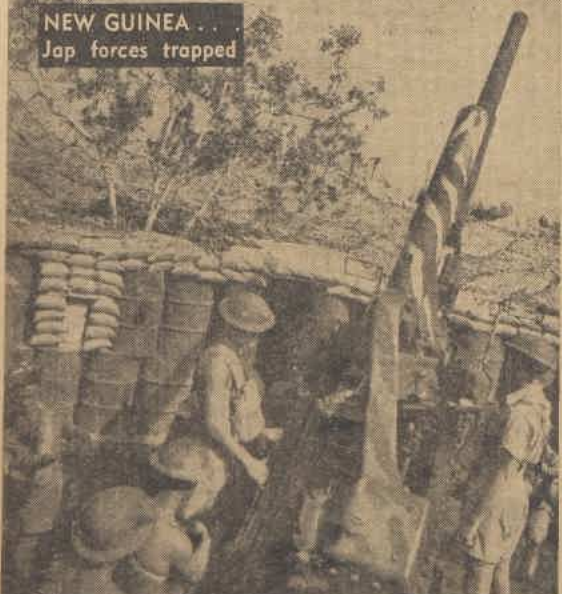
"I think the Jap is greatly disappointed he couldn't get reinforcements to Guadalcanal to knock us out there."

"Now he is lacking in beans and bullets, and I think he will be very uncomfortable soon."

We had a new hero, too. Vice-Admiral William Halsey, who commanded the U.S. Navy in the Solomons battle.

Continued on  
page 15SOLOMONS  
23 Jap ships sunk

U.S. CRUISER bombarding the enemy.



ACK-ACK BATTERY on the New Guinea front.



# Editorial

NOVEMBER 28, 1942.

## PLANNING FOR PEACE

**TRIUMPHS** of Allied arms in North Africa have quickened our hopes that we are at last on the long, long trail to victory.

Inseparable from our longing for peace is the deep apprehension we feel about the problems of post-war reconstruction.

"Victory is not merely the successful end to hostilities, but the taking charge during those three or four years after the war which will be so difficult for us all," said Dr. Evatt recently.

He said our men in New Guinea, undergoing indescribable privations, were asking what is going to happen after the war and to what sort of life will they be coming back.

Wives of those soldiers are asking the same questions. So are the wives of men who are to-day making guns, tanks, and planes.

They ask how will things be for them when soldiers and weapons are no longer needed.

From the post-war and depression years are carried bitter memories of dreary days when returned soldiers of 1918 were among the many unemployed who peddled goods to housewives who had no money to buy them.

There is an urgent need for plans to avoid a repetition of such conditions.

To ensure peace-time security for all it is necessary to decide now just how every man and woman from the fighting fronts and the war factories will be immediately absorbed in continuous employment when victory has been won.

—THE EDITOR.

## Airman writes from Jap prison



MAJOR DONALD JACKSON, who has been awarded the D.S.O. (second right), with a ski-ing party in Syria. Major Jackson, who is the elder son of Major-General R. E. Jackson and Mrs. Jackson, of Sydney, carried out important patrols of Bardia defenses, was in the first attack on Tobruk, supervised evacuation of all nursing personnel from Greece, was taken prisoner, escaped from close escort and after an adventurous journey, picking up Allied troops at various islands, arrived with nearly 200 troops in Crete.

**AN** Australian who was taken prisoner by the Japanese describes his life in prison camp in this week's "Letters from Our Boys."

His letter, though brief, may comfort relatives of other prisoners.

"I WAS taken prisoner on January 21, after being shot down by enemy planes," writes A.C.1 Kenneth Parkyns to his family in Liverpool, N.S.W.

"Three of the crew were killed, and I was wounded in nine places, which are now completely healed."

"Zentanji War Prison Camp is where I am now a prisoner. Please inquire from the authorities or Red Cross if it is possible to communicate with me."

"If possible, send me some comforts, anything sweet, also a pair of shoes."

"Camp life here isn't too bad. We work every second day, and are paid 48 sen a day. We now have a canteen where we can buy milk, cigarettes, and books."

"There are Americans, Dutch, New Zealanders, English, and eight Aussies here, so between us we manage to amuse ourselves."

"I lost all my personal belongings on the aircraft."

"Sorry I had to come to Japan instead of Sydney. I'd have much preferred the latter. Anyway, I hope to be home soon."

"The war can't last forever, can it? I'll bring you back some souvenirs of Japan to compensate for my absence. I am only allowed one letter of 150 words, so I have to cut it short."

Member of the R.A.A.F. in the Middle East to his wife in Numurkah, Vic.:

"WE have some Central African troops next to us, and occasionally we meet down in the sea."

"As none of these coves can swim, they have had it impressed on them how dangerous it is to go out too far, and a big buck sergeant-major, with a huge stick, takes his responsibilities very seriously, and keeps an eye on them."

"The sea shore was black with these niggers when I arrived, feeling very white and effeminate among these giants, rarely under six feet. I was duly warned by nearly every one of them that I would drown if I went out far, but I swam out about half a mile, and with the setting sun behind me was completely lost to view."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter or extract from a letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1.

"I could see the nigs in bunches on the beach pointing to where they had last seen me, and were they excited?"

"I started out about three-quarters of an hour, and when I swam in they were amazed and incredulous. Their eyes opened like saucers and they crowded around me, clapping their hands, the sergeant-major topping it all by saying very reverently, 'Johnnie, you hab come back from Hebban.'"

"Whenever I meet any of them now I get bags of respect, and 'Good day, Johnnie.'"

Sgt. H. J. Ross, R.A.A.F., in England, to his sister, Mrs. B. Saunders, 81 Govin St., North Bundaberg, Qld.:

"I HAVE had two trips over Germany. I was a member of one of the 1000-odd crews who dropped eggs on Cologne and Essen."

"We had been on four days' leave, and when we arrived back were told that several of us had been chosen as gunners in a few special crews to go over the top."

"What a thrill it was to have waited so long then to be told so suddenly."

"Cologne was the first raid, and what a sight."

"When we got there the mighty city was just a sheet of flame. There were planes everywhere and shells were bursting all around us."

"Having dropped our eggs over the heart of the town, we were caught by the searchlights. But we had a good pilot and a lot of good luck and nothing came of it."

"In my cockpit I had an armful of small bombs to throw where I liked. I threw one each for every one I could think of, and enjoyed it immensely."



SERGEANT JOCK SPARKS in the office of "The Voice of the Desert" entertainment unit attached to the 6th A.G.H. abroad. Unit consists of Staff-Sergeant Stagg and Sergeant Sparks, who is the only live artist in the show. Programmes include recordings and "any fresh news that comes to light."

Staff-Sgt. R. Jackson in New Guinea to Miss D. Davies, 715 Botany Rd., Rosebery, N.S.W.:

"DAYLIGHT saving! It has me tricked as far as explaining it to the natives is concerned."

"After much painstaking effort I thought I had it reasonably well drummed into their heads the night we changed over."

"The next morning they came along to me and said, 'Taubeda, you all "Koi Koi" this time.'"

"Koi Koi" means to tell fairy stories, in polite language."

"They explained to me that the sun still rose at the same time and that if we altered our clocks, then the rising of the sun should change, too."

"It got all too complicated for me, so I gave it up as a bad job."

"There is a native bugler in the camp and I concentrated on him and fixed it that the change-over means getting up in the dark."

"Incidentally, he is the best bugler I've ever heard, bar none, and does he love sounding the call!"

"He marches out, snaps to attention, and let's it go. It's a treat for sore eyes to see him 'bung it on.'"

"He just won't miss any calls, either—courds, the whole issue, quarter calls included."

"Every single note is clear and distinct, and when he's not blowing the dashed thing he's polishing it."

Driver A. W. Thomas of an advanced Allied base to his wife at Fairview St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.:

"IF you have any more photos taken of you and the little fellow don't forget to send one up for the old bloke here, as I like showing them off to everyone."

"When anybody asks me if I am married I never have time to answer, because the boys say yes for me, and, 'Would you like to see some photos of my baby?'"

"They reckon everyone in town has seen them now."

"Even if Terry is as much like me as everyone says he is, I still have more hair than him, even though the tin hat is rubbing mine off fast."

## Interesting People



PROFESSOR R. M. CRAWFORD  
... To Russia

**APPOINTED** First Secretary to Australia's new Legation in Russia, Professor R. M. Crawford is Professor of History at Melbourne University, which has made his services temporarily available. Graduate of Sydney University, where he was formerly lecturer in history, he took his Master of Arts at Melbourne University.



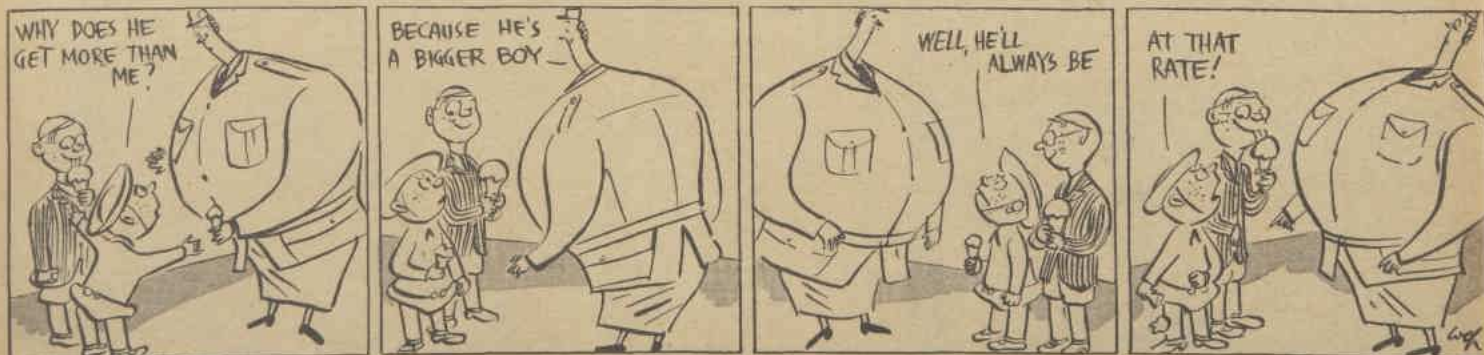
MISS G. DAVIS  
... Land Army

**ON** staff of Women's Land Army in Victoria, Miss Gertrude Davis will visit country centres to inspect accommodation and conditions for Land Army girls. Miss Davis was for past eight years matron, Hamilton Russell House, Alfred Hospital, Melbourne. Was Army nurse in last war, and holds Royal Red Cross. Was only Australian nurse to receive gold Kaisar-i-Hind medal.



DR. J. NEWMAN MORRIS  
... Red Cross mission

**PRESIDENT** Victorian and vice-chairman Australian Red Cross, Dr. J. Newman Morris is at present on special mission abroad. Is consulting with Canadian, American and British Red Cross Societies regarding treatment of war prisoners, post-war problems, and the inclusion and treatment by British Red Cross of civilian casualties.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By WEP



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THIS week, Tuesday, December 1, threatens to be difficult and restrictive for Virgoans, Geminians, Pisceans, and many Sagittarians. But Saturday, November 28, should recompense them and other star groups.

Here is my astrological review for the week.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Splendid possibilities during the next few weeks. Fair, well and much hand. November 28 (forenoon to dusk), excellent, as tillage fully. Balance of day fair except from 8.30 to 9.30 p.m. November 29 fair except after 9 p.m., November 30 (to 9 p.m.) fair.

**Taurus** (April 21 to May 21): Things improve slightly, but avoid raininess. November 27 (mid-evening) fair. December 1 may be poor.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Be guarded this week, particularly on December 1, when pitfalls are possible. Avoid quarrels, meetings, oppositions, changes and moves. November 30 (evening) difficult, too. November 24 and 25 poor. Routine best.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 21): Not spectacular, though benefits possible on November 27 (late evening). Also on November 29 (to 6 p.m.). November 26 fair. December 1 will repay caution.

**LEO** (July 22 to August 24): Big things possible, as he confident and active, seeking desired goals, happiness and gains. This is especially so on November 28 (to 4.30 p.m.), then advice to 8.30 p.m. Utilise the good hours constructively. November 28 (to mid-evening) helpful, then poor. November 27 and 29 (to 9 p.m.) fair. December 1 very tricky, so be cautious.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Be on guard. Difficulties, delays, worries and discord can predominate now, especially on December 1. Make no changes and avoid risks. November 24, November 25, November 30 (late) also poor.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 23): Modest possibilities for advancement, gains and favors if you work hard. Utilise November 28 (from 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.) for best results, but be cautious in early evening. November 25 (evening) and December 1 also fair.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Chances may follow past good week, but avoid rash ventures now. November 27 (late evening) best of week. Be cautious on November 28, November 29, November 30 (late), and December 1.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 21): Set ambitious goals and strive to reach them now, especially on November 28 (from 10 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.). Also on November 29 (to 8 p.m.) and November 30 (to 9 p.m.). Routine best. November 24 and 25 poor. December 1 very poor. Avoid all risks and changes then.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Unsuccessful for most Capricornians, with November 25 (evening) worst. November 28, November 29, November 30 (evening), and December 1 all poor.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Things should begin to improve, but be patient a while longer before starting important matters. November 24 and 25 (to dusk) just fair. November 26, 29 and 30, and December 1 can be difficult.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Period of indifference, changes, discord and ailments now, especially on November 30 (late evening) and December 1. These can be decidedly severe if you are unwise or rash. Routine best then. November 24 and 25 also bad. Consultable past gains in routine ways.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

**We will always  
remember  
November, 1942**

Continued from page 13

WE mourned Admiral Daniel Callaghan, of the San Francisco, killed in action when he sailed his ship right into the enemy fleet with her guns blazing.

Halsey took his ships between the Japanese lines, firing their guns on both sides.

Washington said it was a "courageous but highly unorthodox manoeuvre that came off."

Admiral Nimitz said: "Halsey was rough with the Japs."

Mr. Curtin said: "The battle is not yet over, but the enemy knows he has been in a fight."

And we all said: "The U.S. Navy's pretty hot."

THIS last week or two have given us a little inkling of how it feels to be on the winning side.

We know how great has been the long strain of waiting for a real turning-point.

We've taken the turning-point with a sort of sober joy that's new.

We realise quite clearly what toil and suffering must be our lot before it's all over.

But, with faith renewed, we know that this, too, will be borne magnificently by peoples who have already been so brave about so much.



## Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are hot on the trail of **DR. GRIFF:** Inventor of a machine to destroy planes in the air with electric energy, who has been kidnapped. As the doctor is being carried out to a ship Mandrake hypnotises

**THE GUARD:** On the beach, but Lothar, following some distance behind, thinks his master is an enemy and pounces on him, knocking him unconscious. Meantime, **THE CHIEF:** Of the enemy agents arrives and Lothar is compelled to carry Mandrake to the boat. Following this the beach guard is found hypnotised. **NOW READ ON:**





# These girls weave uniforms for the Army...



MISS IRIS LINDSAY, weaver, "Anding the shot," otherwise, fixing a broken weft thread.



MRS. BEATRICE MARTIN, wife of a soldier in New Guinea, operates a combing machine.



TEXTILE WORKERS at an Austerity Loan rally. Two-thirds of the employees in the textile industry are women.

## Women comprise two-thirds of Australia's textile workers

By a STAFF REPORTER

An army numbering between thirty-five thousand and fifty thousand people, two-thirds of them women, helps to clothe our fighters and civilians.

They are the workers of the textile industries, enormously expanded since the entry of Japan into the war.

At a textile mill near Sydney which I visited last week, production has been trebled since the outbreak of war.

Cessation of imports from many countries, shipping difficulties from others, and huge increase in demands for clothing for fighting forces have caused a huge gap between supply and demand which the industry has to fill.

Because a large number of women has always been employed in the textile industry, it has lacked the attraction of novelty. Before textile work became a protected industry, many young girls transferred to munitions.

A shell that may kill an enemy was to these girls a more tangible instrument of war than clothing for the soldier who fired the shell. Earlier, too, conditions were better in many munitions factories.

In recent months great improvements have been effected in conditions for textile industries, and workers have been convinced of the enormous importance of the job they are doing.

Average age of women in the textile industry is gradually becoming higher. Even three months ago, in the factory I visited, average age was 28. Now it is nearer 30.

Women up to 50 years of age are being employed on the work. Some of them are grandmothers.

Older women, and mothers of children, prefer the late shift, 4.18 p.m. to 10 p.m. on week-days, with 7.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturday.

There is a very high proportion, too, of young married women, wives of men in the fighting forces.

Every married woman to whom I spoke on the day of my visit was the wife of a serviceman.

"When you see the yards and yards of khaki cloth growing it's a great satisfaction," a weaver said to me. "My husband's a soldier. I like to think I'm working on uniforms for him and his mates. He tells me he often fancies I might have worked on the very piece of cloth he wears, though I suppose it's a pretty long chance."

### Like khaki work

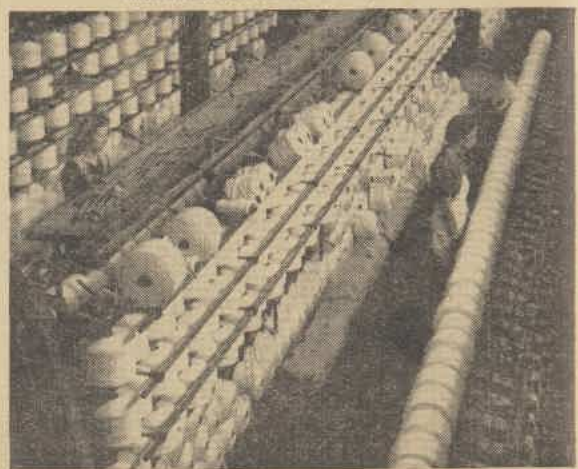
"THE girls like working on khaki," an executive told me, "although they realise as everyone must that a certain amount of civilian clothing must be produced, too."

"Expanding to this degree of wartime production set us a lot of problems," he added.

"It is not so easy with a huge staff and trebled output to maintain good conditions, but we feel that our absentee figures show that we have managed to do it."

"With approximately 2000 employees absenteeism amounts to only 8.4 per cent. Peacetime rate was 5 per cent. When it is taken into consideration that many of the wartime employees are married women with children, the rate is good."

"We were among the earliest firms to provide morning and afternoon tea for employees (tea rationing difficulties occasionally cause the



FRENCH DRAWING section of the mill. After the carded wool has been combed it is drawn before being spun. Women are employed as machine operators.



LUNCH in the mill grounds. Joie Foody and Peggy Mauer, who are both weavers.

substitution of beef tea), and we also instituted music in working hours, a successful innovation."

There are 205 amplifiers throughout the buildings which relay music all day on alternate half-hours. A visitor to the mill wonders how the music can be heard above the roar of the machinery, which at first in some sections is deafening.

Majority of the employees say that they become so inured to the noise that they do not notice it, and the music is universally popular.

In this mill women are employed on combing, drawing, spinning, winding, weaving, and mending.

To the lay eye the machine processes are highly complicated. In combing, winding, and spinning the women are machine operators. Weaving calls for a higher degree of skill, as does mending, which varies according to the type of cloth being mended or woven.

Margins for skill are paid on the award in both of these operations.

Award generally for senior female textile workers is £2/19/3. Senior weavers are paid £3/2/3, and menders £3/5/3.

In addition the firm I visited has bonus incentive schemes, through which workers average 8/- per week extra. Many of the workers are

formed into bonus groups, pooling and sharing the weekly bonus.

I met Mary Stacey, of Woolahra, head weaver, who has worked at the mill for 16 years, and rises at 5.15 a.m. to be on the job at 7 a.m.

"Khaki work is easier," she said, "though fancy work is more interesting. In a fancy worsted there may be six shuttles to change. You have to be quick at changing the shuttles, and when there are six you must be careful you don't drop them in the wrong boxes."

"If a thread breaks in a fancy weave it calls for greater skill to fix it quickly."

Miss Stacey, who uses her single name, is married to a former soldier, Gunner Drinkwater, invalided out of the Army and trying his hardest to get back.

In the mending section the finished rolls of cloth are inspected by girls, who rectify flaws and remove extraneous specks of thread.

Among the menders are several deaf and dumb girls who have become expert at the work.

I met two menders who had been doing the work for five years, Martell Wilson, engaged to a soldier in New Guinea, and Meg Hogan.

Although the technique of mending is not difficult to learn, it takes about three years to become first-class at the job, and both these girls take pride in their skill and dexterity.

A newcomer with them was pretty Mrs. Elaine Anderson, who married an airman two months ago, and formerly made surgical stockings.

Matron Copeland, the welfare officer, showed me her well-equipped and strongly-sandbagged first-aid room.

Matron attends to any minor accidents, feels pulses, and takes temperatures at any sign of sickness, and deals with a hundred and one personal problems besides.

"They are splendid girls," she said, "and intensely patriotic. They contribute a great deal to the Red Cross, and no patriotic appeal goes unanswered."

"It is marvellous to see how they help one another, too."

RADIO'S MOST  
MELODIOUS HALF-HOUR

*Australia  
Sings*

The ALL-Singing Show  
EVERY SATURDAY 8 P.M.



And now...

"KOMMONSENSE  
KITCHEN  
KLUB"

★ Conducted by Mrs. Wynifred Wiseman—who will keep listeners supplied with all sorts of recipes, hints and ways and means of saving time, work and money.

Tuesday and  
Wednesday, 10.45 a.m.

2GB



# Our A.I.F. nurses go back to work in New Guinea



**ALL HANDS** to work on the washing-up in the mess. Left to Right: Sister J. Cameri (Vic.), Masseuse E. Bishop (Sydney), Sisters D. Bush (N.S.W.) and M. Holding (Vic.).  
—Department of Information pictures.



**KOKODA WARRIOR**, Pte. D. McGee, of N.S.W., is tended by Sister B. Duval, of Victoria, in a military hospital in New Guinea staffed once more by Australian nurses who recently returned to duty there.



**ON ARRIVAL**, the nurses were escorted to their jungle hospital. In the background of the picture can be seen mess buildings under construction.



**MATRON NELL MARSHALL**, in charge of the A.G.H. in New Guinea. She was the first white woman to land there since last March.



**HAPPY TO BE BACK** at their work in the battle zone, the nurses wait beside their baggage for transport to their hospital. The troops gave them a warm welcome.



**DISSEMBARKING.** Nurses have twice been withdrawn from New Guinea when the military situation became serious, but wanted to stay.



## Continuing . . . The Pied Piper

from page 5

THE girl turned to the old man. "Will you sit down and rest a little?" she said. "You seem to be very tired." She turned to the children. "And you, too, you sit down and stay quiet; lunch will be ready before long."

She smiled at him as they settled down, and he found comfort in her smile. "Tell me from the beginning, monsieur—how did you come to be in France at all?"

He lay back in the chair. It would be better to tell her the whole thing; indeed, he was aching to tell somebody, to talk over his position. "You must understand, mademoiselle," he began, "that I was in great trouble early in the year. My only son was killed. He was in the Royal Air Force, you know. He was killed on a bombing raid."

She said, "I know, monsieur, I have the deepest sympathy for you." He hesitated, not quite sure if he had understood her correctly. Some idiom had probably misled him. He went on, "It was intolerable to stay in England. I wanted a change of scene, to see new faces."

He plunged into his story in the slow, measured, easy tones of an old man. In the end she turned to him in wonder.

"So really, monsieur, none of these little ones has anything to do with you at all?"

"I suppose not," he said, "if you like to look at it that way."

She got to her feet. "You will wish to wash," she said. "Come, I will show you. And then I will see that the little ones also wash."

She led him to an untidy bathroom, then took the children to a bedroom and washed them one by one quite thoroughly. Then it was time for lunch. They sat down to it around the table in the salon and had the first civilised meal that Howard had eaten since Dijon.

After lunch, sitting around the littered table over coffee, while the children played together in a corner of the salon, he discussed his future with them.

"I must get the children to England," he said. "When I do, I'll send them over to America until the war is over. They will be quite safe there." He explained, "My daughter, who lives in the United States, has a big house on Long Island. She would make a home for them till the war ends, and then we could try to find their parents."

The girl said, "That would be Madame Costello?"

He turned to her, faintly surprised. "Yes, that is her married name. She has a little boy herself, about their age. She would be very good to them."

"I am sure of that, m'sieur."

For the moment the difficulty of getting them to England escaped him. He said, "It's going to be

practically impossible to find the little Dutchman's parents, I'm afraid. We don't even know his name."

Beneath his arm, Sheila said, "I know his name."

He stared down at her. "You do?" And then he said, "What do you think he's called?"

She said, "Willem. Not William, just Willem."

Howard said, "Has he got another name?"

"I don't think so. Just Willem."

Ronnie looked up from the floor. "You are a story," he said without beat. "He has got another name, Mr. Howard. He's called Eybe." He explained, "Just like I'm called Ronnie Cavanagh, so he's called Willem Eybe."

"Oh . . ." said Sheila. Madame said, "But if he can't speak any French or English, how did you find that out?"

The children stared at her, uncomprehending, a little impatient of adult density. "He told us," they explained.

Howard said, "Did he tell you anything more about himself?"

There was a silence. "Did he say who his daddy or his mummy was, or where he came from?"

The children stared at him, awkward and embarrassed.

Howard said, "Never mind, then. He turned to the two women."

"They'll probably know all about him in a day or two," he said. "It takes a little time." He rose from his chair. "It has been most kind of you to give us lunch," he said.

"I am indeed sorry to have missed seeing Monsieur le Colonel. I hope very much that when we meet again you will be reunited."

The girl sprang up. "You must not go," she said. "It is not possible at all, that." She swung around on her mother. "We must devise something, Mother."

Howard said, "You must not put yourselves to inconvenience on our account. I assure you, we can get along very well."

The girl said, "But, monsieur—your clothes alone—they are not in the French fashion. One would say at once that you are an Englishman, to look at you."

He glanced down ruefully; it was very true. He had been proud of his taste in tweeds, but now they were quite undeniably unsuitable.

She said, "My father would be glad to lend you an old suit, if he were here." She turned to her mother. "The brown suit, Mother."

Madame shook her head. "The grey is better. It is less conspicuous."

She turned to the old man. "Sit down again," she said quietly. "Nicole is right. We must devise

something. Perhaps it will be better if you stay here for the night."

He sat down again. "I will stay," he said. "And I shall be grateful for the clothes."

A few minutes later, in the corner of the settee in the salon, he fell asleep, and slept uneasily until nearly six o'clock. Madame had made soup for the children's supper, and she had prepared a bed in her own room for the two little girls. The three little boys were to sleep in a bed which she had made up on the floor of the corridor.

In an hour the children were all fed, washed, and in bed, settling for the night. Howard sat down with the two women to a supper of a thick meat broth and bread and cheese.

The girl said, "I have been thinking." She turned to her mother. "Jean Henri Guinevec," she said, and she ran the two Christian names together to pronounce them.

Madame said placidly, "Jean Henri may have gone already, m'sieu."

Howard said, "Who is he?"

The girl said, "He is a fisherman, of Le Conquet. In Finistère. He has a very good boat. He is a great friend of my father, monsieur."

They told him that it had been the colonel's habit to go to Brittany each summer. The sparse, rocky country, the stone cottages, and wild coast attracted him, and the strong sea winds of the Atlantic refreshed him.

His wife and daughter had gone with him, every year. They had stayed in some little pension and had gone for little, bored walks while the colonel went out with the fishermen.

They had come to know his fishermen friends through the years. "Jean would help us to help Monsieur Howard," Nicole said confidently. "He has a fine big boat that could cross easily to England."

"It's a long way to go," Howard said a little ruefully. It was; they must go to Brest, which is two hundred miles or so from Chartres. "Perhaps I could go by train."

They discussed it in all aspects. Obviously it was impossible to find out how Guinevec was placed; the only thing to do would be to go there and find out.

The old man said, "It really is most kind of you to suggest this. If you would give me a few addresses, then—I would go to-morrow with the children."

"That we can do," said Madame. Presently, as it was getting late, she got up and went out of the room. After a few minutes the girl followed her; from the salon Howard could hear the mutter of their voices in the kitchen.

After a time Nicole came back. "I have been talking with my mother," she said. "We both think that it would be better that I should come with you to Brittany, Monsieur Howard."

There was a momentary silence; the old man was taken by surprise. "That is a very kind offer," he said. "Most generous of you, mademoiselle. But I do not think I should accept it. I may get into trouble with the Germans. I should not like to think that I had involved you in my difficulties."

She said, "I thought you might feel that, monsieur. But I assure you, I have discussed the matter with Maman, and it is better that I should go with you. It is quite decided."

In the half light of the salon it seemed to him that her eyes were very bright, and that she was blinking a little. "Do not refuse me, Monsieur Howard," she said. "I want so very much to help you."

He was touched. "I was only thinking of your safety, mademoiselle," he said gently. "You have done a very great deal for me already. Why should you do any more?"

She said, "Perhaps you did not know, monsieur. Your son and I . . . John . . . we were good friends." There was an awkward pause.

"So it is quite decided," she said, turning away. "We are quite of one mind, my mother and I. Now, monsieur, I will show you the room."

She took him down the corridor and showed him the room. Her mother had been before her, and had laid out upon the bed a long, linen nightgown, the slumberwear of Monsieur le Colonel.

The girl looked around. "I think that there is everything you will want," she said.

He said, "Mademoiselle, I shall be most comfortable."

She went out and closed the door behind her; he remained for a time staring thoughtfully after her. She was, he thought, a very peculiar young woman. He could not understand her at all. At Cidoton, as he remembered her, she had been an athletic young creature, very shy and reserved, as most middle-class French girls are.

He remembered her chiefly for the incongruity of her close-curling, carefully tended hair, in contrast with the terrific speed with which she took the steepest slopes when sliding on a pair of skis. John, who himself was a fine skier, had said that he had his work cut out to keep ahead of her upon a run.

That was, literally, about all the old man could remember of her.

Nicole came in with coffee and rolls on a tray at about a quarter past eight next morning.

She was fully dressed. Beyond her, in the corridor, the children stood, dressed and washed, peeping in at the door.

The old man said a little anxiously, "I do hope that they have not been a trouble to you, mademoiselle."

She said, "Children will never trouble me, monsieur."

He thought again, a very odd young woman with a very odd way of expressing herself.

Three-quarters of an hour later he was up and dressed in the Colonel's old grey suit, together with old brown canvas shoes, a horrible violet shirt, and celluloid collar, suited to the bourgeois part he was to play. Soon Madame Rougeron came in from marketing.

"There is a train for Rennes at noon," she said unemotionally.

"There is a German soldier at the ticket window who asks why you must travel, but they do not look at papers. They are very courteous and correct," she paused. "But there is another thing."

She took from the pocket of her gown a folded handbill. "A German soldier left this paper with the concierge this morning. There was one for each apartment."

They spread it out upon the table. It was in French, and it read:

**CITIZENS OF THE REPUBLIC!**  
The treacherous English, who have forced this unnecessary war upon us, have been driven in disorderly flight from our country. Now is the time to rise, and root out these plutocratic warmongers, wherever they may be hiding, before they have time to plot fresh trouble for France.

It is your duty if you know of an Englishman in hiding to tell the gendarmes, or tell the nearest German soldier.

Severe penalties await those who shield these rats. Vive la France.

Howard read it through quietly twice. Then he said, "It seems that I am one of the rats, madame. After this, I think it would be better that I should go alone, with the children."

She said that it was not to be thought of. And then she said Nicole would never agree.

The girl said, "That is very true. It would be impossible for you to go alone, as things are now. I do not think you would get very far before the Germans found that you were not a Frenchman, even in those clothes."

She flipped the paper with disgust. "This is a German thing," she said. "You must not think that French people talk like this, Monsieur Howard."

She went out of the room. The old man, grasping the opportunity, turned to her mother. "Your daughter has changed greatly since we were at Cidoton, madame," he said.

The woman looked at him. "She has suffered a great deal, monsieur."

He said, "I am most sorry to hear that. If you could tell me something about it—perhaps I could avoid hurting her in conversation."

She stared at him. "You do not know, then?"

"How should I know anything about her trouble, madame?" he said gently. "It is something that has happened since we met at Cidoton."

She hesitated for a minute. Then she said, "She was in love with a young man. We did not arrange the affair, and she tells me nothing."

"All young people are like that," he said quietly. "My son was the same. The young man is a prisoner in German hands, perhaps?"

Madame said, "No, monsieur. He is dead."

Nicole came bustling into the room, a little fibre case in her hand.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, November 25.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Revere. Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, November 26.—Goodie Revere in "Frolics and Mementos." Also Mrs. Owen Francis presents "The Housewife on the Home Front."

FRIDAY, November 27.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Revere in "Gems of Melody and Thought."

SATURDAY, November 28.—Goodie Revere in "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, November 29.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, November 30.—Letters from Our Boys.

TUESDAY, December 1.—"Musical Alphabet." Also Mrs. Owen Francis in "The Housewife on the Home Front."

"This we will carry in your perambulator," she said. "Now, monsieur, I am ready to go."

There was a great bustle of getting under way. They all went downstairs; Madame Rougeron had many bundles of food which they put in the perambulator. Then they left the apartment and started down the street, Howard pushing the loaded pram and Nicole shepherding the children.

They caught their train to Rennes, and there a German officer informed Nicole that a train would leave at eight o'clock next morning for Brest. They might go on it as far as the little town of Landemeau.

Nicole produced a ticket the German officer had given to her. "We must sleep to-night in the refugee hostel," she said. "This ticket admits us. It will be better to go there, monsieur, like all the others. It is in the Cinema du Monde."

They made their way to the cinema, gave up their cards at the entrance, and went in. The seats had all been removed, and around the walls were mattresses stacked, filled with old straw. There were not many people in the place; with the growing restrictions upon movements as the Germans took over control the tide of refugees was less than it had been.

An old Frenchwoman issued them a mattress and a blanket each and showed them a corner where they could make a little camp apart from the others. "The little ones will sleep quiet here," she said.

There was an issue of free soup at a table at the end of the hall, dispensed by a German cook who showed a fixed, beaming smile of professional good humor.

An hour later, the children were laid down to rest. Howard did not dare to leave them, and sat with Nicole with his back against the wall, tired to death but not yet ready for sleep.

For a time they talked in low tones of their journey, about her plans for the next day. Then, fearing to be overheard, he changed the subject, and asked about her father.

She had little more to tell him than he already knew. Her father had been commandant of a fort in the Maginot Line not very far from Metz; they had heard nothing of him since May.

The old man said, "I am very, very sorry, mademoiselle." He paused, and then he said, "I know what that sort of anxiety means . . . very well. It blackens everything for a long time afterwards."

She said quietly, "Yes. Day after day you wait, and wait. And then the letter comes, or it may be the telegram, and you are afraid to open it to see what it says."

He nodded. He felt very close to her; they had shared the same experience. He had waited and waited just like that when John had been missing. For three days he had waited; then the telegram had come.

Quite suddenly he felt that he would like to talk to her about John. He had not been able to talk about his son to anybody, not since it had happened. He had feared sympathy, and had shunned intrusion. But this girl Nicole had known John. They had been skiing companions—friends, she had said.

"I lost my son, you know," he said with difficulty, staring straight ahead of him. "He was killed flying—he was a squadron-leader, in our Royal Air Force. He was shot down by three Messerschmitts on his way back from a bombing raid. Over Hellgoland."

There was a pause.

She turned towards him. "I know that," she said gently. "They wrote to me from the squadron."

To be continued

## Popularity of radio serials

### Reappearance of Charlie Chan

There seems to be no decrease in the popularity of radio serials. For months now 10 a.m. and 6.15 p.m. have been identified on station 2GB with the presentation of serials, and as "Nothing Ever Happens" and "The Count of Monte Cristo" have concluded, two new programme features have been introduced.

THE first of these is "The Adventures of Charlie Chan," which will be heard every Monday to Friday at 10 a.m.

One of the best-known detectives in fiction, the secret of Charlie Chan's popularity lies in the fact that he possesses a sense of humor. Listeners not only follow his adventures with interest, but look forward to his quaint proverbs and sayings.

For the 6.15 p.m. serial, 2GB has introduced "Black Flame of the Amazon," a programme of adventure based on fact.

It introduces as its narrator, and one of its chief characters, Captain Harold Nole, explorer and scientist, whose expeditions took him through the jungles of the Amazon.

"Black Flame of the Amazon" is an authentic presentation of Captain Nole's experiences in the jungle. These have been woven into a fascinating story of the adventures of a boy and a girl, who are all that is left of a search party endeavoring to locate an American archaeologist, the father of the children.



AL THOMAS, who now comperes 2GB's variety hour, "Over Here," every Friday night.

The Amazon, once the site of the Inca civilisation, provides a wonderful opportunity for Mr. Nole to deal with many strange and interesting facts about the jungle and its wild life. The peculiarities of soldier ants, carnivorous plants, jaguars, anacondas, and monkeys, the tribal customs and weird unbelievable rites of head-hunting Indians, and the elaborate musical festivals of the more cultured and peaceful tribes are dramatised in an exciting but accurate manner.

"The Adventures of Charlie Chan" are broadcast at the 10 a.m. "on the hour" feature, every Monday to Friday, and "Black Flame of the Amazon" at 6.15 p.m. the same days.



# Film Reviews

## ★★★ TO BE OR NOT TO BE (Week's Best Release)

Carole Lombard, Jack Benny.  
(United Artists.)

THIS brilliant mixture of exciting drama and mad farce is Carole Lombard's last picture—and frames one of her best, most bubbling performances. Produced and directed by Ernst Lubitsch, the film deals with a stage company which is trapped in Poland after the Nazi invasion, and embarks on goading and frustrating the Nazis in one wild situation after another.

Surprise of the production—which is lit by many sly Lubitsch touches—is the work of Jack Benny in a straight comedy role. As the flamboyant matinee idol who dotes on playing Hamlet, Benny is excellent. The whole film is a grand farewell for a grand actress.—Century; showing.

## ★★ LADIES IN RETIREMENT

Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward.  
(Columbia.)

ADAPTED from the London and New York stage hit (played in Australia by Marie Ney), "Ladies in Retirement" is one of those sombre, psychological dramas which gives its leading lady opportunity for terrific acting display.

So Ida Lupino grips your attention from the film's boding opening to its grim close. Set in a Victorian country village, the plot revolves around Ida's young woman, whose fierce devotion to her peculiar elder sisters brings her into conflict with her spoiled employer—and brings murder into their cottage home.

Only man of importance in the cast, Louis Hayward, as an unprincipled, charming scoundrel, makes a dramatic foil for Ida's intensity. The atmosphere of the whole story is strengthened by impressionistic production and eerie photography. Definitely not a film for the youngsters, "Ladies in Retirement" will be relished by all who like their entertainment blood-chilling.—Embassy; showing.

## ★★ THE COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY

Mickey Rooney, Donna Reed.  
(MGM.)

THIS is the best of the Hardy films for some time—entertainment which will appeal to everybody, and which shows Mickey Rooney without the exaggerated bounce which made his recent Andy adventures so tiresome.

In sparkling comedy, which brings back Marion Hardy (Cecilia Parker), Mickey helps Judge Hardy to reform an arrogant young debutante (Donna Reed), but finds that he and Marion bring trouble upon their own heads.

The heart-warming atmosphere of the Hardy family is strongly stressed in the picture, as is the casual, slangy attitude of modern youth. It is delightful to meet the Hardys in this happy mood.—St. James; showing.

## ★★ FIESTA

Armida. (United Artists.)

HAL ROACH'S musical featurette is a splendid package of streamlined technical entertainment. Set on a Mexican ranch, the film combines singing, spectacle, and dancing, strung on just a thread of comedy plot. Most of the entertainers, including the saucy Armida, are Latinos. But Anne Ayars has an unexpected and attractive singing role.—Century; showing.

## ★ FINGERS AT THE WINDOW

Basil Rathbone, Lew Ayres.  
(MGM.)

MYSTERY fans will have their fill of familiar shudders in this one, which goes in generously for sinister shadows, clutched hands scrambling at darkened windowpanes, and a bit of attempted murder on the side.

Principal characters are a pretty girl (Laraine Day) and an actor (Lew Ayres) who saves her from attack by axe, then goes on to discover the master mind behind the crimes. As Mr. Rathbone is in

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent  
★★★ Above average  
★ Average  
No stars — below average.

the cast, you will have no difficulty guessing who.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

## ★ GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK

Brian Donlevy, Miriam Hopkins.  
(United Artists.)

CASTING Brian Donlevy as a smooth, dexterous jewel thief, with a debonair Raftes air, was a clever thought on the part of United Artists. Unfortunately, the story gives Donlevy's adventurer a long, sobby absorption in love for his baby daughter—and a self-sacrificial finish.

The actors, who include Miriam Hopkins, Phillip Reed, and a very stern Preston Foster, are much more lively than their material. Liveliest of all is Harold Huber, as Donlevy's faithful chauffeur. But not all the people combined can make this more than average melodrama.—Plaza; showing.

## Shows Still Running

★★★★ Eagle Squadron. Diana Barrymore, Robert Stack in stirring air drama.—State; 4th week.

★★★ Mrs. Miniver. Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon in magnificent drama.—Liberty; 9th week.

★★ The Fleet's In. Dorothy Lamour in racy musical.—Prince Edward; 6th week.

★★ To the Shores of Tripoli. John Payne in thrilling U.S. Marine Corps adventure.—Regent; 6th week.

★★ Moonlight. Unusual waterfront drama for Jean Gabin, Ida Lupino.—Mayfair; 3rd week.

★★ This Gun for Hire. Absorbing melodrama for newcomer Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake.—Victory; 2nd week.

★ Danny Boy. Ann Todd, Grant Tyler in sentimental musical.—Lyceum; 3rd week.

# Generous gesture to war wounded

Cabled from Hollywood by VIOLA MACDONALD

WALTER HUSTON has given his beautiful mountain home to the Merchant Marine as a home for convalescent seamen. It is just one of the ways in which actors are helping the war effort.

For example, John Howard has started teaching navigation two nights weekly, in Hollywood High School, to help the training of future active servicemen. John has a fine scholastic record himself, winning University scholarship.

ROSALIND RUSSELL (Mrs. Freddie Brown) is expecting the stork, and will not return to the screen until July of next year, to make "The Life of Sister Kenny."

ARTHUR FARNSWORTH heretofore took over wife Bette Davis' canteen duties when she went to hospital with flu. He carried trays—and also helped out Kay Kyser's Orchestra by playing the violin.

I MET Walter Pidgeon yesterday, and heard his story of his visit to Canada selling War Bonds. "I was signing an autograph for an eight-year-old girl," said Walter, "and I discovered that she was Suzanne Holman—Vivien Leigh's daughter by her first marriage. Suzanne has been sent to Canada for safety, for the duration."

TWENTY-TWO YEAR OLD Laraine Day told me that she is serious about turning producer. She has written a script which she hopes to film next year, with herself as producer, director, and star.

BRENDA JOYCE has christened her new baby girl Pamela. Husband Owen Ward got Army leave in time to greet his daughter.

THE death of veteran actress Laura Hope Crews, following upon the passing of Edna Mae Oliver and of May Robson, has saddened all lovers of great personalities, as well as admirers of fine acting.

MARY ASTOR, who has filed suit for divorce on "mental cruelty" grounds against husband Manuel Del Campo, of the R.C.A.F., says that she will demand the custody of their son, Tono.

PHILIP BORN is writing a book on his experiences in the East Indies.

GINGER ROGERS' new love interest off screen is tall, dark, and handsome actor Phillip Reed (last seen in "Gentleman After Dark"). Ginger and Phillip are inseparable.

ANN SHERIDAN sings and dances in Warners' "Thank Your Lucky Stars," which has the entire studio list of important players in its cast.

WARNER BAXTER is making a comeback in "Lady in the Dark," with Ginger Rogers and Ray Milland.

BRITISH actor John Sutton who has applied for American citizenship, will probably join the U.S. Army.

JOAN CRAWFORD is heartbroken because the real parents of her adopted son Christopher have demanded the child's return. Joan, who adopted him two years ago, from a home, has naturally complied with his parents' request and she is now seeking another "brother" for her adopted daughter, Christina.

## EVERYTHING

comes, Wharton thought, to him who counts ten. Even if you have to count ten long years while you wait for a woman.

He drove to Pamela's hotel and parked his car in the drive there. Sam Wang answered Wharton's knock. Wang bowed, took the caller's hat and cane. Then he ushered Wharton through the sitting-room and out upon the balcony.

Pamela stood up to greet him and her face seemed serious. Troubled, rather. "I'm afraid we're in for something unpleasant, Wally," she said. "I'm all upset about it myself."

Her manner confused him. "What's up, Pamela?"

She sat down, facing him, and asked suddenly, "Do you remember a man named Evan Keith?"

He stiffened. "Keith? He was the man who killed Ronnie, wasn't he?"

"He's the man they convicted for it," she said, "and now he's been released from San Quentin. He seems to have a job on the Malpaisa."

"He hasn't answered you, I hope?"

"He came here," she admitted, "just after his boat docked to-day. And he has an obsession, Wally."

"A what?"

"He thinks you murdered Ronald."

Again the ten-second wait. Wharton was deciding whether to say, "I know it; he called two weeks ago and accused me to my face," or "That's too ridiculous!" He compromised by saying, "What makes him think I did it?"

"He claims you had a motive, for one thing. He thinks I'm the motive."

"He's what they call stir-crazy," Wharton said.

"Still, I think we should be kind to him, reason with him. You can listen to the case he thinks he's built up, then show him that it's all illogical and impossible. Don't you see?"

Wharton moistened those thin, tight lips of his. "I see," he murmured.

"So I asked him to call again at five," Pamela said. "You don't mind talking to him, do you?"

When the house phone rang, Wang went to respond. Then Wang re-

## Delayed Verdict

Continued from page 4

turned to the balcony ushering Evan Keith.

Pamela was gracious: "Won't you sit down, Mr. Keith?" Wharton liked the way she met this difficult situation. She was humoring this fellow, smoothing down ruffled feathers. Wharton tried to adopt exactly that attitude himself.

"Suppose we talk this thing out, Keith," he suggested throatily. "I mean about this obsession of yours that it was I who killed Ronnie Bruce." Evan took a seat near Pamela.

"I'll reconstruct the crime for you," he proposed bluntly.

"Go right ahead," Wharton's tone was expansive.

"On that day in 1931," Evan said, "there was a collision out in your street. Two drivers quarrelled about who was to blame. Bystanders gathered, yourself among them. You heard me say to Bruce, 'If you don't pay the damage, I'll take it out of your hide.'"

"You hoped I would. You wanted Bruce out of the way for a motive we'll mention now. After dark that evening you saw Bruce walking among the shrubs of his front lawn. You went to the street and picked up a wheel spoke—debris from the wreckage of my car. You used it to kill Bruce. That's the bare outline."

"And, of course, I knew you were on the way there from a garage with a repair bill in your hand, and that—"

"I can't prove you knew I was coming," Evan broke in. "What I can prove is that you found out, too late, that your crime had been witnessed."

Somehow, Wharton managed to respond, not too angrily. "The crime was witnessed, you say? By whom? Please don't keep me in suspense."

"If there wasn't a witness," Evan countered, "why did you leave town in such a hurry? With me booked for the murder you had nothing to worry about—unless you were afraid of some witness."

The man was bluffing on some rank guess, Wharton decided. A little unsteadily he asked Evan,

"But who was this witness, if it's no secret?"

Evan chose to ignore him and explain directly to Pamela: "While my ship was in San Francisco this last trip I had a day or two ashore. So I went to the police with a list of three dates. June 19, 1934; June 6, 1937; August 2, 1940."

Wharton knew that those were the three dates that he had registered at the St. Francis Hotel.

Pamela asked Evan, "But why would the police be interested?"

"They weren't," Evan said. "Then I asked them if any unsolved crime was committed on any one of those three dates. They looked up the first date and said no. They looked up the second date and said no. Then they looked up the third date and said yes, on August 2, 1940, a little ambulance chaser named Moses Ginsberg was found murdered in his office. The homicide was still unsolved."

Wharton sat perfectly rigid, like a pillar of ice.

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Please, Mr. Meeks, curb your affection! Don't be such a he-man!"

Evan continued speaking directly to Pamela: "The name meant nothing. But the man's profession jolted me. Ambulance chasers follow car collisions. The Bruce homicide followed a car collision. The connection was still thin, but it jostled my memory. It made me go back to the garage which repaired my wreck ten years ago. The same man still runs the place. I rehearsed the old incident with him and we supplemented each other's vague recollections of it."

"We recalled that while I waited for the estimate a shifty little lawyer came in. He saw the wreck and asked me if I was hurt. I said no. That disqualified me as a possible client. So he asked who was the other party in the collision and I told him. He left and I forgot all about him. Soon I left myself and went to Bruce's house. I didn't know that Moses Ginsberg, preceding me by ten minutes to inquire if Bruce had been hurt in the collision, and if so would be care to file suit, had arrived on the lawn just in time to witness Bruce's murder by Wharton."

Wharton stood up and his knees almost buckled. "I think this has gone far enough, Pamela. Don't you?"

The fact that she didn't answer him, or even look at him, frightened him more than anything Evan had said.

Evan went on: "So I looked up Ginsberg's family and got the name of his bank. At the bank I said I was checking up on the Ginsberg murder. I handed them a list of three dates."

"The same three dates?" Pamela asked.

"Only two were the same. The first two. For the date of Ginsberg's murder in 1940 I substituted the date of Bruce's in 1931. I asked the banker to see if any unusually large deposits were made by Moses Ginsberg on those three dates. At first the banker wouldn't show me a thing. So I went to the judge who had sentenced me to prison ten years ago. He's retired now—I found him at his club."

What I'd uncovered so far. And did I get action! That old judge drove me back to the bank in his own car and he had a heart-to-heart talk with the banker."

Wharton tried to speak, but couldn't. Evan's voice went on.

"Then the banker looked up the old Ginsberg account. He found that on the day following the Bruce murder Ginsberg had deposited three thousand dollars in cash. And on the 1934 date Ginsberg banked one thousand in cash. And on the 1937 date he again banked one thousand in cash."

Evan turned from Pamela to Wharton: "You got tired of those pay-offs, Wharton. So on your 1940 trip to the mainland you put a stop to it. Yes, there were a million other people in town. But of all that million only one left town on the first of four dates and returned on each of three others."

Even then Wharton didn't see just how tightly it wove a noose for him. He heard Pamela say, "Tell him where you next took your list of dates, Evan."

"With that square-shooting old judge still battling for me," Evan said, "I went to the trans-Pacific telephone people. What calls from Frisco to Honolulu on or near those three dates? I found that just before the murder of Ginsberg, Ginsberg called Wharton at Honolulu. Wharton immediately clipped to San Francisco."

Wharton said hoarsely, "What are you going to do about it?"

"It's already been done," Evan told him. "The warrant's been issued. Police are waiting at your car now."

Wharton stepped to the balcony railing. He looked down and saw his car parked in the hotel drive. Four policemen stood by it.

Evan Keith moved over to stand by Pamela.

Then Wharton turned to see Sam Wang holding out his hat and stick. "You go, please," Wang said.

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LEAVING CHURCH. Flying-Officer Bruce ("Buster") Brown, R.A.A.F., and his bride at St. Andrew's Cathedral. Bridegroom has seen service in England and New Guinea.



AT RECEPTION. Flight-Lieutenant Redmond Dalton, son of late Dick Dalton and Mrs. Dalton, Orange, and his bride cut wedding cake. Bride is Cecile, daughter of the John O'Riordans, of Randwick.

## Gottings ON THE HOME FRONT

**PRIME MINISTER AND DAUGHTER.** English mail brings this informal picture of Mr. Churchill and his youngest daughter, Sergeant Mary Churchill, A.T.S., leaving 10 Downing Street for House of Commons. Mary had week's leave from war-work duties.



**INSPECT new Netherlands forces canteen with Mr. J. M. Lamens, responsible for finding suitable building and furnishing it.**

Canteen to be most super club, premises in Margaret Street. Dining-room's color scheme is cream with vividly colored Dutch pictures and posters on walls.

There is also lounge-room with dancing floor and dais for orchestra. Dances for servicemen to be given once a week.

Library, well equipped with Dutch books, to be headquarters of women's committee, who will meet each week to knit and sew.

"When canteen is ready it will be handed over to a committee headed by Commander B. J. Knollman, of Dutch Navy," says Mr. Lamens, who also explains that it has been established by Netherlands Indies Commission in Australia.

"Feature of canteen will be special Dutch dishes, and we hope to get a Dutch chef to cook them," he adds.

Dishes to include favorite fillet steak cooked in butter and served with fried potatoes and salads.

**SUMMER UNIFORM** for Sub-Lieutenant Alison Urquhart, Welfare Officer for Fighting French Forces, on way to office with M. Andre Brenac, Fighting French delegate in Australia.



NAVAL WEDDING. Surgeon-Lieutenant John Begg, R.A.N.R., and Mrs. Begg marry at St. Stephen's. Bridesmaid is June Gibson, and best man Lieutenant Colin Begg, A.I.F.

## Heard Around TOWN

**DRIVER Elizabeth Mackellar, W.A.A.F., making plans for marriage to Lieut. Rex Moore, now in New Guinea. Hopes he will have leave at Christmas.**

Fellow servicewomen to be her bridesmaids, "Paddy" Pierce, W.A.A.F., and Helen St. Vincent Walsh, A.W.A.S.

**HONEYMOON** in Sydney for Sergeant E. V. Mead, A.I.F., and his bride, the former Myra Bowden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Bowden, of Newcastle.

**NEWS** from England. Sydney pianist Valma Sullivan marries Lieutenant Peter Stanhope-Marchant, R.N., in London. Peter is son of Mrs. P. Marchant, Chatterfield, Derbyshire, England.

Valma went to England four years ago to study music at Royal Academy.

**CORPORAL PAT ABOUD** celebrates her twenty-first birthday week in advance to coincide with home-leave. Parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Aboud, give party in her honor at home at Pt. Piper.



V.A.'S JEAN RAMSAY (left) and JEAN GRANT admire one of Treanor Smith's paintings. An exhibition of her work will be seen this Saturday at home of General and Mrs. Anderson, Turramurra. Proceeds to Prisoners of War Street Fund.



MADAME E. VRISAKIS (left) and Madame Gruska with Polish rug being shown at exhibition this week of craftwork at David Jones.



GARDEN FETE. From left: Cecile Weston, Mrs. Donald Hudson, and Mrs. Keith Waterhouse sell baskets of flowers at Karitane annual fete.

**A PAINTING** by Elaine Haxton to be one of prizes at masked fancy dress ball at Town Hall on December 12.

Organizing committees are Russian Medical Aid, United Slavs, and Australian Comforts Fund. For reservations ring FA1643.

"EVERYBODY has to eat" is Lady Walder's comment on idea of having enormous produce stall in Martin Place on Red Cross Day on December 4, in lieu of usual chocolate wheels, needlework stalls, etc.

Agree that fresh fruit, vegetables, eggs, home-made jams, cakes, groceries, and potatoes (which Lady Walder promises) should have ready sale.

First plans discussed at meeting at Hotel Australia. Goods may be left at Red Cross Day office, Somerset House, Martin Place, this week.

Mrs. Evelyn Andrews and Mrs. Alan Lloyd will run cake department and announce that they have already commenced making Christmas cakes.

**FEW days' leave** for Instructor-Commander Jock Slater, who comes from Melbourne to see new baby daughter, Barbara. Mrs. Slater and baby are now at home with Mrs. Slater's sister, Mrs. Eric Trill, at Burwood.

**EXCITING** news for Australian author Kylie Tennant. Has two cables, from London and New York, telling her of acceptance of her two latest novels.

One, "Ride On, Stranger," to be published in England, and the other, "Time Enough Later On," in America.

These books were written by her at Lauriston, where her husband, L. C. Rodd, is headmaster at the school.

**IF** you've any cigarette-lighters, old or new, send them along to Mrs. W. Kerr, Red Cross Appeals office, 4th floor, Prudential Building.

She is making a collection to be sent to Solomon, where climate is so moist that matches won't strike.

Dr. Howard Greenwell lays in large stock of flints and wicks and makes repairs to damaged lighters.

One parcel sent already and most appreciative letter promptly returned from C.O.

**HARDLY** any festivities in town to remind one that Saturday is Melbourne Cup Day. The few parties are on austere lines.

Plain cakes and scones are afternoon tea served at Feminist Club when committee for T.B. Sailors and Soldiers have their annual Cup Day bridge party. This is eleventh in succession.

Hostesses include Mesdames H. D. Cary, E. Hanalow, J. Atkinson, B. Woods, E. Hillier, and H. C. Lascelles.

Betty



## GAY DISGUISES...

*for that old black frock*



• Join together a couple of large and brightly-colored hankie squares, button over each shoulder and down one side, and wear over your basic frock.



• You have probably got an odd assortment of those gay children's hankies that were so popular a while ago, so here's a clever way to use one. Pleat finely, then fold over, leaving one end three inches longer than the other, join to velvet ribbon, and you have an enchanting label.



• If you've got a special evening date nobody will ever recognise that old black frock if you wear half a contrasting bodice tied at the side with a whopping bow. This can be simply made out of an old tulle evening gown.



• A devastating little hat that you can make yourself from a remnant of pique. It cunningly interlaces at the back, so it's blissfully easy to launder, and you can keep it looking as fresh as a daisy.

• Two contrasting scarves or a couple of bright remnants will make this attractive jerkin-top. Nobby wool tassels and a narrow belt add final chic.



Greene



## SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

TWO HATS AND A HANDBAG  
 No. 1.—Hat: Requires 3/4yd.,  
 36ins. wide.  
 No. 2.—Hat: Requires 1/2yd.,  
 36ins. wide.  
 No. 3.—Bag: Requires 1/2yd.,  
 36ins. wide.



F2285



F3165



292

## Tailored scanties

(No. 292 illustrated above)  
 THESE dainty little scanties are traced clearly on good quality rayon crepe-de-chine, in attractive shades of pink, blue, and white in pastel tones. They are perfectly tailored with a plain top, only slightly flared legs, and the edges are scalloped ready for buttonholing. In sizes 36, 38, 40, and 42-inch hips. Price, 10/11, plus 4 coupons and 61d. postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/4.



266

## Organdie throwover

A WELCOME gift to a young homemaker—a daintily embroidered throw-over made of sheer organdie. The one illustrated (No. 266) comes in blue, lemon, green and pink organdie, with field-flower motifs on each of the four corners for swift, easy embroidery in gay colors to match the cloth. Item can be finished in blanket-stitch.

Sizes 36 x 36 ins. Price 4/6, plus 31d. postage.

## To make for Christmas

AT left you see a sketch of the ready-to-make dolly which comes to you with the pattern traced on good quality linette in lemon, green, pink, blue, chocolate-brown, coffee, and white.

The doll is of the flat variety, and should be very firmly stitched by machine, using a fine gauge stitch. It is best to leave portion of one leg unsewn until the filling is inserted, and for this you can use sawdust, cotton-wool, odd small scraps of material, or anything that will make a soft, non-bulky filling. The face of the doll is embroidered with cottons—brilliant red for the mouth, bluish-pink for the cheeks, blue eyes, black or brown lashes and eyebrows. The hair, as illustrated, is usually made from lengths of thick wool. This may be stitched firmly to the head, then parted at the centre-back and plaited over each side.

In sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 inches, traced on linette ready to cut out, stitch, and fill, price 3/3, plus 31d. postage. Please quote No. 293.



293

THIS DOLLY comes to you with pattern traced on linette ready to cut out and make up. Full details are given at right. See also dolly's layette, illustrated at top of page.



F1760

## CONCESSION COUPON

(Illustrated top right)

AVAILABLE for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra.

Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under:

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Box 4810, G.P.O., Perth.

Box 409F, G.P.O., Brisbane.

Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Tasmania: Box 1850, G.P.O., Melbourne.

N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

STREET .....

SUBURB .....

TOWN .....

STATE .....

SIZE .....

Pattern Coupon, 28/11/42.

## Fashion PATTERNS

F2285.—Dainty layette for your small daughter's doll. Requires 1/2yd. for frock, 1/2yd. for slip, 1/2yd. for panties, 1/2yd. for bonnet, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9 complete.

F2286.—Well-cut slip and scanties. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 2 1/2yds. for slip and 1yd. for scanties, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9 set.

F3165.—Attractive floral frock with heart-shaped neckline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3 1/2yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F1760.—Flattering style softly gathered into a shaped cummerbund. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 3 1/2yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3009.—Trimly tailored pyjamas with extended shoulders and high neckline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/9.

PLEASE NOTE—To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: \* Write your name and full address in block letters. \* Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. \* State size required. \* For children state age of child. \* Use box numbers given on concession coupon.

## Fashion Frock Service

(Illustrated at left)

"ISOBELLE" is an engaging summer frock of floral poplin in delectable sweet-pea shades. The long-torso bodice gives the effect of a trim jacket suit.

"ISOBELLE" is available at our Fashion Frock Department either ready to wear or cut out ready to make yourself.

Sizes 32, 34, 36-inch bust, 39/11 (12 coupons) ready to wear; or 29/11 (12 coupons) cut out only.



Sizes 38 and 40-inch bust, 42/11 (12 coupons) ready to wear; or 34/6 (12 coupons) cut out only.

Postage 1/9 1/2 extra.

How to obtain "ISOBELLE": In N.S.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on pattern page in this issue. When ordering be sure to state bust measurement and name of model.



F3009





**ROYAL-BLUE JARGEN'S SUIT**, looks as fresh as paint with the addition of a simply-tailored blouse in snowy-white silk crepe.



**THE Dullest Dress** will take a new lease of life if you highlight it with a frothy collar like this. Simply made by sewing a frill of lace onto a narrow organdie band. Around the front cut out the floral pattern of the lace and hand-sew onto organdie.



**HUNT OUT** last year's white straw hat and make it look very new and exciting by cunningly draping it with a red-and-white scarf, hand-knitted in featherweight wool.

## Look cool and smart in these HEAT-WAIVERS

**E**VEN if the temperature soars over 90 degrees, you can look and feel as if you didn't realise the existence of such things as heat-waves. Your make-up, your diet, and your state of mind

must be directed towards defeating the heat. You must also master every fashion trick that exists in the game of looking cool.

Choose crisp, dewy-fresh cottons that launder simply and look so blissfully cool on the most sizzling days.

The line of your new clothes should be as slim as a sapling. Sleek, smooth styles tailored to a T. Shoulders should be free from tricks, skirts straight and slender. There is a trim perfection to this summer's togs that is more subtly feminine and so much cooler than any amount of frills and furbelows.

As green is the coolest color in the spectrum, have an immaculate little suit in apple-green linen, with short-sleeved jacket and straight skirt, and wear it with a white pique blouse featuring big starched revers.

By . . .  
**PEG  
McCartney**

Working hours, whether they be spent in shop, office, factory, or canteen, demand neat, plain frocks that will stand up to hard wear, yet look fresh and smart after the day's toil.

For this type of dress be sure to select a crease-resisting fabric, and neutral shades are favored—like beige, honey or grey, and a wide leather belt in jade, emerald or tarnato to give a cheery flash of color.

As for the style, you simply can't do better than follow the shortwaist trend—that inspired fashion which manages to combine utility and charm.

For special occasions, however, look icy-cool in white with white accessories—not a smitch of color anywhere. A divinely simple shortwaist frock of heavy white crepe and a shady white cartwheel hat anchored with a coarse, snood, crocheted in white cotton.

If your meagre budget won't stretch to a complete white outfit, think up clever ways to introduce frosty white touches to your dreary monotone frocks.



**THE LARGE BRIM** makes its seasonal return to shade the eyes from the summer sun. This red leghorn cartwheel also features a coarse snood, which is an ideal style for the long-haired lass.

Starched white net collars appear like frost on black or brown frocks. They are goffered round the edges and look particularly fetching if they consist of a double collar, one slightly larger than the other.

Organdie, too, in white or softest pastels, is ideal for collar and cuff sets. Just a couple of enormous frills sewn around the neckline of an otherwise plain frock can work miracles.

White pique is a perennial favorite for fronts and neat little "advocate" collars—small pointed front collars—which are being worn to relieve the severity of plain round necklines.

Bright matching accents, usually made from bits and pieces from your scrap-box, are novel and fresh and coupon-saving.

Newest match-up of accessories comes in gloves and head scarves.

Try crocheting your own scarf and gloves from left-over skeins of brightly-colored silk or wool. Or you might consider a perky little set in a hectic striped linen.

Very gay with plain black or white frock.

Hats made of plaited reeds instead of straw, all in the gayest possible colors, are matched with large round handbags with strap handles of self material.

Striped hair ribbons are immensely popular with debs, especially if they are matched with sashes, glove gauntlets, and pocket hankie.

Hair styles play an ultra important part in this problem of keeping cool. The long bob, although so attractive and young-making, is not a good summer style. If you simply can't forsake those flowing locks for a short and simple hair-do, brush them relentlessly back in a loose snood by day. You will also find a snood will keep your coiffure immaculately fresh for your important evening dates. Crochet several snoods for yourself to match up with your summer frock. Wear them tied up on top in a whopping bow, or copy the sophisticated girl in the photo on this page and use them to anchor a cartwheel hat.

**LAST NIGHT  
I HAD A  
SICK  
HEADACHE**



**TO-DAY  
I FEEL FINE!**

Gently and naturally, while you sleep, a dose of Beecham's Pills taken at bedtime will correct any digestive upset and relieve a sick headache. When morning comes your system will act as nature intended and you will feel in the very best of health.

Purely Vegetable

**Beecham's  
Pills**

1/- and 2/6  
per box

**Worth a Guinea a Box**

**SKIN DISEASES**

PSORIASIS entirely cleared up with "PSORIGO" The Proven Remedy.

For Free Advice on all other Skin Troubles, send 2/6 stamp for Examination Chart to

DERMATOPATHIC INSTITUTE,  
271-8 Collins St., Melbourne, C.I. FORM 2.

**fortuna  
cloth  
CAN TAKE IT**



**MOTHER KNOWS  
BEST**

Mother knows that unless we all make an effort to win the war we run the risk of losing all we have. And Mother doesn't intend that to happen. So Mother is cutting down on the family spending . . . saving a shilling here and a pound there . . . putting it all into the Austerity Loan and watching her savings grow into a safe substantial asset for use in the years of peace.

**Save—and invest all your  
savings in the**

**AUSTERITY LOAN**

Holders of 3 1/2% Stock or Bonds maturing December 15 are invited to convert them into Austerity Loan.

AL90-31



*Think... just one dress  
at the most for you this season...  
make sure that dress will last!*



Make sure you see these words "Grafton Anti-Shrink" printed along every yard of the selvedge when you purchase by the yard. When buying ready-made see that the frock carries both sewn tab and label clearly marked "Grafton Anti-Shrink".

# Insist on Grafton anti-shrink

Registered Trade Mark Nos. 77208, 78955. Patented in Australia No. 109828.



## Shower Test

—has been made before scores of thousands of women in retail stores all over Australia. Two girls each wearing identical frocks of rayon crepe were stood side by side beneath showers. Frock on left was processed by Grafton Anti-Shrink. Frock on the right was not processed. Showers were turned on. Within two minutes the unprocessed frock had shrunk by six inches, but the Grafton Anti-Shrink frock had not shrunk by the width of a thread!



**Save your  
Coupons**

Women of Britain already have learnt how to get the utmost value for their ration coupons. Grafton Anti-Shrink Rayon Crêpes have come to be their first choice for frocks.

Women of Australia can also buy Grafton Anti-Shrink from England by the yard or ready-made in frocks, and so save coupons.



**Australian Clothes Styling Council** sits to help Australians conserve materials and manpower. The Council has shown that simple styling can be smart styling. Make sure that your sewing machine is a Victory machine—follow the Council's lead—and make it smart, but simple.





FRONTAL VIEW of the new, short coiffure. Plenty of youth and dash about it. Directions for cutting and dressing given below. Now study the side views.



THE SHORT BACK HAIR is set in pin-curls which brush into an appealing fluff when dry. Like it?



LONDON'S FAMOUS HAIRDRESSER, Steiner of Grosvenor Street, evolved this cool, crisp hair-do. If you like it, then copy. It should suit all types—girls in the services, women in business, all workers.

## YOUR HAIR... short for summer

- The short cut is ideal for summer. Here's a coiffure that's cool, crisp, and easy to keep tidy.



JUDITH ANN, pictured above, is vitally alive, radiantly healthy. She is being reared under the Truby King system. She is a joy to look at, don't you agree? And probably a mountain of mischief!

A FAMOUS London hairdresser has designed it and women everywhere have taken to it like a duck to water.

The hair is tapered out at the back and cut to about three inches, and the front and side hair left from six to eight inches long.

The short back hair is set in small pin-curls which brush into an appealing fluff when dry.

The front and side hair is brushed up from the temples, then swept over and curved into a deep trough high on the right and curled into a fat bolster curl—just like the bolster curl arranged on a baby-boy's head.

If the line proves too severe for the face it can be broken up into one or more curls on the forehead, as in the photographs.

To make this bolster curl arrange a series of pin-curls facing towards the centre of the head and, when dry, comb into one.

### For young wives and mothers

#### ECONOMICAL MEAL PLANNING

IN these days of high prices a serious problem confronts every mother. That of providing food for her young and growing family—food that will not only satisfy their hunger but provide the nutritional elements necessary to their health and well-being.

Substitutes for some of the usual foods used in the toddler's daily dietary also have to be considered.

Foods which are sometimes considered expensive may be really economical as regards the importance of their food-value and the part they play in good nutrition.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

#### Beauty hints...

FIERCE sunshine dries the natural oil from the skin. Apply nourishing cream or wash face in milk every night.

WHEN wearing a dark dress beware of powdering unless you throw something around your shoulders before the act. It is a good idea to make and keep a "cape" for the purpose. This can be made from a scrap of discarded material.

CHANGE your tooth-brush often. Choose one not too soft, but rather one which will provide a healthful friction for the gums. Brush up and down as well as across.

### YOUR CHOICE OF A HANDKERCHIEF is Important

Reason dictates that your choice must be based on quality, wear resistance, smartness, and good value. These are all outstanding characteristics of NILE fast-colour handkerchiefs, woven in modern designs from finest Egyptian yarn. For men only 1/5; for Madam 10jd.

# NILE

THE HANDKERCHIEF THAT STAYS SMART!

Made by the makers of Nile Athletic Singlets and Undershorts

Manufactured by Pioneer Saffron Industries Pty. Ltd., 124 Broadway.

## Crusader Cloth

MAKES THE BEST SUITS



### Dad's sharing his Vegemite with the boys behind the guns!

Our fighting men need all the Vegemite we can possibly let them have. They need it because it plays such a vital part in guarding them against that insidious "fifth columnist"—dietary deficiency. Vegemite, being a concentrated extract of yeast, contains the three important vitamins—B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>, and P.P. (the anti-pellagric factor).

In sharing available supplies of Vegemite with our fighting forces, you and your family are definitely helping the War Effort. So, if your local shop has less Vegemite these days, there's a sound reason why—until we have won this war, the boys behind the guns need all the Vegemite we can send them.

## VEGEMITE







THE DELICATE-SHADED IRIS rivals even the pastel-colored cattleya orchid in its springtime pageant. Plants can be divided now for setting out in new position. Keep them moist.



POINSETTIA, the rather gay, gaudy bract-bearing shrub which paints the landscape red in winter when most other shrubs are dormant and drab. In most areas cuttings can be struck now in moist, sandy loam.



PHLOX DRUMMONDII, or annual phlox, has as many colors as Joseph's coat, and it is most constant, brilliant and generous in its display. Seeds are best planted in their permanent beds or borders.



THE OLD-FASHIONED PAEONY DAHLIA is seldom seen to-day, but there is still time to set out the more popular varieties. Dahlias like rich soil and plenty of water in hot, dry weather. Stake well.

## Year-round color in your garden

● The four seasons are represented in color on this page, yet you can plant all four of the striking and lovely varieties illustrated now.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER

**I**N most of the warmer areas of our Commonwealth the iris will have finished flowering, and where water is ample and moving necessary, the plants can be lifted, divided, and given new positions.

Known to botanists as *Iris kaempferi*, the Japanese iris has fibrous roots, hates lime, but revels in moist, rich soil at the edge of a pool or water-garden.

Planting time for this lovely member of the iris family generally extends from April to September. For size and richness of color, it is out-rivalled only by the modern dahlia or possibly the delicate pastel-shaded cattleya orchid.

This iris can be obtained in single or double types, and in a bewildering range of colors. The blooms are often 6 ins. to 8 ins. across, and are borne on good stems about 3 ft. tall.

Phlox drummondii, or annual phlox, is a small bedding plant that has sprung into favor in recent years because of its brilliant color and astonishing variety of shades and form.

It is easily one of the most satisfactory annual bedding plants in existence because it flowers for about eight months of the year and is of undoubted adaptability as a good mixer.

Whether massed in beds of separate colors or mixed, the annual phlox gives a chintz-like effect equalled only by that brilliant little sun-worshipper, the portulaca.

Phlox can be obtained in what is known to the seed trade as grandiflora, nana-compacta, and exhibition types. Grandiflora is regarded as the best of all, and compacta is a dwarf variety, very brilliant in color.

Seed of all phlox varieties, except the perennial variety, which should

be sown in autumn, may be sown now.

The old-fashioned paeony dahlia, illustrated on this page, was a favorite when Queen Victoria died, round about 1901. It had its vogue, like most new dahlias, but lost favor because of its weak stem, heavy head, and flopping habits.

Then the decorative dahlia—thick of stem, bold, open face, strong petals, and brilliance of color—came along to take its place. To-day we find the charm, about one-third or one-quarter the size of the din-

## What vegetables to grow

**T**HAT big kitchen pot needs a lot of filling. Its appetite for "greens" seems insatiable. But a sowing in late December of Copenhagen Market variety, Golden Acre, Sugarloaf, Burpee's All-head Early, or Improved St. John's Day cabbages will keep the pot boiling for many months.

December is regarded as the last month for sowing pumpkins and preserving melons with any surety that they will crop before the frosts knock them over. If your supply is not assured sow more now, build the soil up well with plenty of decayed manure and vegetable compost.

Any time now you can sow more carrots, parsnips, and beets. Remember that these vegetables dislike deep cover, so make the top soil light. Carrots, particularly, with their ferny foliage, dislike hard conditions and crusty soil.

Celery is among the end-of-the-year crops that can be sown from seed. This crisp vegetable belongs to the bog-plants and needs lots of moisture and rich, peaty soil containing ample nitrogen.

French beans and lima beans can still be sown in the warmer areas of the Commonwealth. Highland

## What to sow during December

**FLOWERS:** Pansy, viola, primula, stocks, Iceland poppy, calendula, anemone, ranunculus, snapdragons, ageratum, annual chrysanthemum, Canterbury bells, foxgloves, sweet-peas, amaranthus, asters (late), aquilegia, auricula, marigolds, celosia, cineraria, dahlia, cosmos, clanthus, jackspar, petunia, phlox, and zinnia.

ner-plate decorative, climbing up into favor and public popularity.

Dahlia seed needs to be sown now in the warmer parts of the Commonwealth, but tubers can be set out any time between now and Christmas in the warm parts of Queensland and N.S.W.; to early December in Victoria, South Australia, and the cool parts of West Australia, and must be set out immediately in Tasmania to avoid frosts.

Poinsettia is a frost-tender shrub that produces bright-red bracts in winter. In Victoria and other southern States the shrub has to be given much protection or the first frost will cut it down to ground level.

Specimens raised from cuttings or divisions can be set out now in well-manured or fertile soil. In southern districts the new wood should be cut back to the old wood. New growth will begin from this point. To produce the best quality red bracts, the soil needs deep digging and the incorporation of ample manure.

Poinsettias need ample moisture in late summer and autumn when the insignificant blooms appear. These are accompanied by the brilliant bracts.

And at this time of the year the gardener along the coast can sow seed of late asters with reasonable expectation of obtaining a brilliant display of color in autumn and early winter.

Further inland the dazzling Sturt's Desert Pea (*clanthus dampieri*) can be sown. Like most native plants it hates manure, being disturbed, and poor drainage. The seed is extremely hard and needs soaking in hot water overnight.

Sandy soil containing a very little humus and some charcoal suits this gorgeous flower very well.

## What vegetables to grow

growers, however, should avoid limas, as the season is a bit too late.

Cucumbers can be sown in soil from which the winter-sown potatoes have been lifted. The apple and African Horned varieties are much less indigestible than the old long green, which develops woody seeds and becomes very pithy and tough if allowed to mature too fully on the plant.

Cucumbers should be cut young and eaten immediately they are harvested, or chilled in a refrigerator for about an hour and then sliced. Those spongy cucumbers are invariably old, or ones that have been kept too long after cutting.

The first crop of sweet corn should be ready to pull before Christmas, and another sowing will mature if made at once. Golden Bantam is easily the best variety. Sweet corn needs rich soil, plenty of water and an open, sunny position.

Towards Christmas the first sowings of swede seeds can be made, particularly in the cool districts. In the warm coastal areas the new variety, known as Green Winter Swede, is the best. This does not run to seed as readily as the old Imperial Purple Top is inclined to do when sown in warm districts.

Autumn tomatoes can also be sown now, and if given a sunny position will ripen long before the cold weather arrives.

## BUBBLES - BRIDE AND PREJUDICE





# FESTIVE FOOD for FIGHTERS

By OLWEN FRANCIS

Food and Cookery Expert to the  
Australian Women's Weekly.

FOR lads at nearby battle-stations and for friends at home plan to say "Merry Christmas" with good things to eat.

The recipes given on this page will aid you in the making of the most delicious gifts. Get busy now!

## FRUITY PLUM CAKE

(This cake will keep fresh and sweet for several weeks. Make in a 1lb. cake tin and sprinkle top with nuts and candied peel. Cellophane rosettes and a holly spray make it Christmasy.)

Four ounces butter, 4ozs. brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup grated apple, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 mashed banana, 1½ cups mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 6ozs. plain flour, 1 tablespoon orange juice or sherry, caramel if liked.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg and the fruit and orange rind. Add the sifted flour, baking powder, spice, bicarbonate of soda, and then the orange juice. Darken if liked with caramel, although the soda with the fruit will help to darken the fruit. Cook in a greased paper-lined cake tin in a moderate oven for 1½ to 2 hours.

## DIVINITY NUTTIES

(These biscuits pack and keep well.)

Two ounces butter, 3ozs. brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup chopped nuts, 1 cup chopped dates or raisins, 1 teaspoon lemon rind, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch of salt, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the beaten egg, nuts, fruit, lemon rind, and milk. Add the sifted flour, salt, and baking powder. Spread the mixture in a small, greased swiss-roll tin. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until brown and firm to touch. While still hot cut into tiny squares or finger-lengths and cool on tin.

## CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

(This is a very special present, but not as rich as last year's. This year the steamed brown raisin pudding will appear at more Christmas dinners. Whatever the recipe, don't forget the tokens.)

Quarter pound raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, 1 cup grated apple, or 1lb. dried apple rings, 1oz. mixed peel, 1lb. flour, 1lb. bread-crumbs, 1lb. suet, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 2ozs. sugar, 2 eggs, 1-3rd cup milk, caramel to color.

Wash, dry, and pick the currants and raisins. Chop the peel and apple finely. Mix the flour, bread-crumbs, suet, salt, sugar, and spices. Add the fruit and the beaten eggs and the milk and soda. Pour into a greased basin and cover with greased paper and a cloth. Steam or boil for about 6 hours. Cover with a clean cloth and store in cool, dry place until required.



## FEATHER BROWN CAKE

(Make in a bar tin and top with fluffy, snow-white boiled frosting. Pack a tiny Christmas-tree or decorate top with a line of red stars.)

Three ounces butter, 3ozs. sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup apple pulp, 1 cup mixed fruit (raisins, sultanas, and currants), 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 4ozs. flour, 1 tablespoon milk.

Cream the butter and sugar well, add the beaten eggs and then the fruit, sifted flour and spice, and lastly the soda dissolved in the milk. Cook in a greased bar tin in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 35 to 40 minutes.

## ORANGE MADEIRA CAKE

(Make in a 1lb. cake tin. Pack in a garland of leaves and top with a gay Victorian poxy of fresh or sugar flowers.)

Four ounces butter, 4ozs. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon finely-shredded fresh orange peel, 1 table-

spoon orange juice, 6ozs. flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Cream the butter and sugar well. Beat in the orange peel and gradually the well-beaten eggs. Add the orange juice and then the sifted flour and baking powder. Bake in a 5-inch paper-lined cake tin for 1 hour in a moderate oven. Turn out from tin to cool, leaving paper on cake.

## SAVORY ROUNDABOUTS

(For those who don't live at home the savory is often more welcome than the sweet biscuit.)

Four ounces flour, 2oz. butter, 2oz. finely-grated sharp cheese, pinch of salt and shake of pepper, 1 tablespoon chutney, 2 tablespoons chopped salted peanuts, water.

Rub the butter into the flour, add the cheese, salt and pepper and mix to a dry dough with water. Roll thinly and spread with chutney. Roll into a tight roll and wrap in paper and chill until firm. Cut across in 1-inch sections, brush with milk or egg-white, and sprinkle with nuts. Bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) until crisp and lightly browned.

## CHRISTMAS MINCEMEAT

(Wartime variety, but what is Christmas without mince pies? Package the mincemeat in glasses, home-patterned with stars and a gay, red topknot.)

One cup raisins, 1 cup currants, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 cup grated apple, 4oz. finely-shredded suet, 4oz. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 4 tablespoons brandy (may be omitted if mincemeat to be used within 2 or 3 weeks).

Combine the prepared fruits and suet and put through a mincer, mixing well. Add the other ingredients. Bottle and store in a cool, dry place. Make one week before using.

ABOVE: A welcome surprise for any soldier. The boxes were decorated by hand, the good things made in our own kitchen. All go into the hamper except Abdullah, the camel. He wouldn't fit, so he stays behind.

## ORANGE BRAN WAFERS

(Choose the packing box before making and cut to right size for firm packing.)

One cup self-raising flour, 1 cup fine bran, 3oz. butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg.

Sift the flour and bran, tipping back all roughage. Rub in the butter and add the sugar and orange rind. Add the beaten egg and knead lightly. Roll thinly and cut into square, oblong or round shapes. Bake on a greased oven tray in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until crisp and lightly browned, about 10 minutes.

## PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

(Give the recipe with the jar of your making.)

Three cups shredded pineapple, 2½ cups sugar, 1 small orange, water. Mix the pineapple, sugar, and thinly-sliced orange, from which pith and peel have been removed, and stand overnight. Slice the orange rind finely, cover with water, and also stand overnight. Next day cook the rind until tender, add to the pineapple mixture and cook until the mixture jells when tested on a cold saucer.

## COCKTAIL KETCHUP

(Give this in a gay jar. It's for use at Christmas get-togethers, for the savory biscuit, or for those tiny late afternoon sandwiches.)

One cup grated young beetroot, 1 cup finely-chopped celery, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped onion, 1 cup finely-shredded and chopped cabbage, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon spice (may be omitted).

Mix all ingredients and cook until the vegetables are tender. Pour into clean hot jars and seal at once.

## CANDY WHIRLIGIGS

(The imagination can run riot with simple fondant. Pastel colorings for layer and pinwheel sweets, fruits, and nuts for sweetened balls or a melted covering for caramels or tiny fruit sections of nuts. Here the fondant is moulded into a colored fruit whirl.)

One pound sugar, 1 pint water, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, green and pink coloring, dates or raisins softened over boiling water and pounded to a paste.

Boil the water, sugar, and lemon juice gently to 240 deg. F. or until the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Pour into a wetted basin and beat until thick (or on a slab and turn with a spatula). Color half pale green and half pale pink. Roll thinly and spread the green with fruit paste, cover with the pink and spread again. Roll firmly, cutting into a strip and beginning another roll when the roll is about 1 inch in diameter. Cut across into 1-inch sections. Pack between layers of paper in a well-lidded box or jar.

## SUGARED NUTS

(If you have an almond tree, well! These nuts make festive nibbles for the "all-alone" or for the end of a family dinner.)

Two cups shelled nuts, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar.

Blanch the nuts in boiling water, drain, skin, and keep warm. Heat the sugar and water together and boil until the mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Very slowly pour the syrup over the warm nuts in a warm pan, shaking vigorously all the time. The nuts should be evenly coated. Tip out on an oiled slab or waxed paper. When cold, store in tightly-covered jar or tin.

## Give the Christmas touch to your gifts

FINISH your presents with a flair, using spare pennies for gay wrappings that cost little, but add much to your gifts.

Look over last year's Christmas cards for decorative snippets for this year's wrappings, sort out gaily-colored string, odd pieces of ribbons, boxes and wrappings.

If sending by post or parcelling for taking back at the end of that last leave before Christmas make sure that the contents, wrappings and string will stand any amount of journey racking.

Cookies should not be the easily-crumbed variety; sweets should not be the type that ooze and cakes should be rich enough to stand journey delays.



## Harsh remedies brought these lines



If you could take a look over hospital records, you'd be shocked to find how many surgical cases originate from the over-use of harsh remedies. Harsh remedies will not — cannot cure your trouble. True, they sometimes give you temporary relief — but at what a cost to your system!

### Regularity — the natural way

There's one safe, and natural way to become regular — get more "bulk" — producing foods in your diet. It's "bulk" that makes you regular — and you get it in raw fruits and vegetables. But normally, we never eat enough of these foods. That's why doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran.

### Regularity in a week!

As Kellogg's All-Bran passes into the system the delicate internal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Enjoy two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran every morning, served with milk and sugar, and within a week you'll be regular. Don't let another day go by — start to-morrow, to get yourself regular this safe, natural way. Your grocer sells Kellogg's All-Bran. Get a packet to-day.

## Cash prizes for these!

● Spice the daily menu with the very good dishes given below. They came from readers.

EVERY week a batch of our home-making readers earn cash prizes for good seasonable recipes.

Why not enter this popular contest, send in your family favorite, help other home-makers, and win a cash prize of £1 or a consolation prize?

Look over this week's prize-winners. Have you a better recipe?

### GOOSEBERRY MINCEMEAT

This offers a novel filling for tarts and scones. Put 2lbs. gooseberries into a saucepan (after topping and tailing), add 1 cupful of hot water. Simmer until tender, then press through a sieve. Peel, core and cut up 2 large cooking apples, and add the grated rind of one lemon, 4oz. of seedless raisins, 2oz. each of candied peel, sultanas, blanched almonds, 1lb. brown sugar, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, cloves and cinnamon. Chop all well together and add the gooseberry pulp, 1lb. finely-grated suet, and 1 cup dry wine. Put into jars and tie down.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Delmeco, Lyndaville, Waitech, Vic.

### CHOCOLATE BANANA MERINGUE

Line a tart tin with pastry and bake in a quick oven for about 12 minutes. Put 1 teaspoon breadcrumbs into a bowl with 1 tablespoon sugar, pinch salt, and a few drops essence of vanilla. Shred 2 tablespoons chocolate and dissolve in a small pan with 1 pint milk. When smooth pour over breadcrumbs and allow mixture to soak ten minutes. Then stir in 2 egg-yolks. Pour mixture into the lined tin and bake in moderate oven for about 1 hour. Take out of oven and cover top with sliced bananas, then spread with meringue made from whites of the 2 eggs and 2 tablespoons sugar. Brown in a slow oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss F. Duterbridge, Meerschaum Vale, Richmond River, N.S.W.

### PEAR MOULD

Peel and cut 6 large pears into quarters, put them into a stew pan with 1 pint water, 6 cloves, a small piece of cinnamon, 1oz. raisins, 1 lemon rind (cut in strips), and sufficient honey to sweeten the whole nicely. Cover and bake pears until

tender, but do not allow them to break. When done lay pears in a plain (wetted) mould, and boil the liquor the pears were baked in with 1oz. gelatine and juice of 1 lemon for 5 minutes, then strain liquid, pour over pears, and put the mould in a cool place. When jelly is set turn it out on a glass dish. Serve with cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. J. Winterbottom, Chesterfield, Mincha, Vic.

### CARAMEL PUDDING

Melt and boil for a few minutes 1 cup brown sugar and 1 tablespoon butter, then add 1 cup milk, well-beaten yolks 2 eggs, and 1 tablespoon gelatine (which has been dissolved in 1 cup cold water). Mix all well together and when almost cold fold in the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Put in dish and allow to set. This pudding is really very tasty served with either fruit and cream or jelly and cream. Mixture makes enough for 4 servings.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. P. Pearce, 71 Stuart Rd., Warrawong, via Port Kembla, N.S.W.

### PASSIONFRUIT SUMMER DESSERT

One pint milk, 2 eggs, 1 doz. passionfruit, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, sugar to taste. Make a custard of milk and egg-yolks. Remove from fire, and add the gelatine soaked in a little hot water. When cool and beginning to set whisk in the passionfruit, well sweetened, and the stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Turn into a wet mould and set.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Sweeney, 47 Neil St., Merrylands, N.S.W.

### CHEESE BISCUITS

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 egg, 3oz. butter, 3oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper, water.

Rub butter into flour, add salt and pepper. Mix in cheese which should be dry and well flavored, and then add beaten egg and sufficient water to make a thin dough. Roll out very thinly. It is important that the dough should be of water thinness. Cut into squares and place on an unfloured tray and bake in quick oven until golden brown and crisp. When cold pack in airtight tin. Serve for luncheon or supper spread with butter or as garnish for stews and minced meat when there is no time to make pastry.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss V. Shephard, Woodhill, Beaudesert Line, Qld.



FRESH patty-cakes can be a welcome menu event any day of the year. They are not luxury foods.

### MOCK PORK

Boil till tender about 2lbs. tripe in one piece, size according to number in family. Take out of pot and spread with seasoning made the same as for poultry. Then roll up the same as for jam-roll, bind with twine or use small skewers. Bake a nice golden brown. Serve with gravy made from stock in which the tripe was cooked.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss R. Johnstone, 295 Queen St., Concord West, N.S.W.

### ROA PUDDING

Two cups sliced and peeled apples, 1 cup white sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup dripping, 1 egg, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt.

Arrange apples, white sugar and cinnamon in bottom of pie-dish or casserole. Mix rest of ingredients as for a cake, pour over apples, and bake about 40 minutes in moderate oven.

Even with apples priced at 3d. each, this is an economical and extremely nutritious pudding.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Forsyth, 107 Rusden St., Armidale, N.S.W.

JUST for a change: Roll a light shortcrust as for a swiss roll, cut across in sections, and bake over a jam syrup. Serve hot or cold with cream or custard.

### GOLDEN SUNSHINE SALAD

Two carrots and 1 parsnip finely grated, 1 tablespoon parsley finely chopped, 1 tomato finely chopped, juice 1 lemon, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped spring onion, 1 dessertspoon olive oil, 2 tablespoons finely-chopped celery, 1 lettuce, finely shredded, salt and pepper to taste.

Mix all together and decorate with sliced tomatoes and hard-boiled eggs and shredded lettuce and sliced beetroot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Annie Cameron McDonald, 40 The Ridge, Canterbury E7, Vic.

### RISSOLES AND BACON ON SWEET POTATO

Put cooked meat through the mincing machine (to make about 1½ cups), season with salt, pepper, and a little grated onion, lemon rind, and nutmeg. Melt 1 tablespoon bacon fat or butter in a saucepan, add 2 tablespoons flour, mix, then add 1 cup milk, return to the stove and stir until it forms a thick mixture and leaves the sides of the saucepan. Add the meat and seasonings and mix well. Form into rissoles, using a little flour to prevent sticking. Wrap a rasher of streaky bacon around each rissole. Place each on a round of parboiled sweet potato, which has been dipped lightly in seasoned flour. Put on a well-greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven until the bacon and potatoes are cooked. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. R. Smith, 25 Stanley St., Randwick, N.S.W.

### JOHN BULL BISCUITS (no eggs)

One cup flour, 1 cup butter, 1 small cup sugar, 2 cups flaked oatmeal, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate soda.

Mix dry ingredients. Melt butter and syrup, add soda (dissolved in boiling water), add mixture to dry ingredients, and mix well. Drop teaspoonfuls on greased tray and bake in moderate oven till golden brown. For variety add a little mixed spice, cinnamon, and/or coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Joan Rawson, 44 Spencer Road, Cremorne, N.S.W.



# Lend and LEND AGAIN

Four ways that you can help the War Effort—

1. Invest in the War Loans (War Bonds or Inscribed Stock).
2. Buy £10 National Savings Bonds.
3. Keep buying War Savings Certificates—16/-, 24, 28, 34/-.
4. Continue purchasing War Savings Stamps—6d. each.

## Rosella OVER 100 PURE FOODS

For the  
**LION'S SHARE**  
of fun...



...try modelling with "Plasticine." This amusing and instructive hobby quickly brings to light hidden creative talent. Hygienic, and easy to work. Ask at your local store.

## HAR BUTT'S Plasticine

Agents: Pondford, Newman & Benson, 134 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE & 36 York Street, SYDNEY

## War Strain Getting You Down?

You may be working longer hours, facing terrible anxieties, bearing increased responsibilities during these strenuous war years. Do you easily tire—feel depressed and worn out? It's time you had a good tonic—a fast-acting tonic that will rally you at once and build up your health quickly and surely. You need WINCARNIS, the "No-waiting Tonic!" The very first glass makes you feel better... it fortifies the brain and nerves. The first delicious sip of this health-bringing wine will make you realise what you have been missing, and why over 26,000 recommendations from medical men testify to its value. WINCARNIS is blended from choice wines, and contains two essential fortifying vitamins. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. WINCARNIS will soon put you on the road to regained health and energy...



## These slippers are so smart. so comfortable

● Lay a present at your own feet—crochet yourself these trim tie-ups, light as thistledown.



THREE OUNCES OF CROCHET WOOL will make these slippers for you. Use soles of discarded slippers if you can't buy soles; even felt would serve. If felt, use old soles as a pattern.

A PAIR of these tie-ups would make a welcome gift for that very smart friend of yours.

Here are the directions:

**Materials.**—3oz. of crochet wool, 1 No. 13 stranded crochet hook, and 1 pair of inside shoe socks.

**Size:** 5.  
**Tension:** 6 d.c. to lin. in width, and 6 rows to lin. in depth.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; rep., repeat; inc., increase or increasing; dec., decrease

### ★ THE SPOTLIGHT'S ON YOUR HAIR!



Hair is fashion news! Today your hair MUST be beautiful and exquisitely groomed.

Try one bottle of Barry's Tri-coph-erous and see how it keeps your hair silken-soft, easy to manage and gleaming with lovely highlights.

Use Barry's Tri-coph-erous to stop Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Dry or brittle hair, Over-oily or itching scalp.

**BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous**

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC  
Sold by all Chemists and Stores

### SKIN SORES?

Cause Killed in 3 Days

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause skin sores, pimples, boils, red blotches, scabies, ringworm, and freckles. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your Chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

**Nixoderm now 2/-**

For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch



DO NOT ALLOW your cretonne or chintz bed-covers or loose chair and divan covers to become over-soiled before cleaning. If colors are guaranteed fast you can wash them (carefully); if not fast, a bran-bath is advisable. Recipe for a bran-bath will be given at a later date.

round the front and toe. Pleat the upper edge and sew to one end of the tongue. Work a row of d.c. over the join. Pin the centre back upper part to centre back of sole, then sew both sides to sole, the shaped piece at sides over the front upper part. Work a row of d.c. all round over the join to the sole.

Make a chain to lace up the front, insert this, then make a button for each end as follows: Work 4 ch. and join into a ring with a sl-st. Work 3 ch., then work 10 tr. into the ring and join with sl-st. to top of 3 ch. at beg. Pass the end of the lace inside the button, draw up and sew firmly.

A thin sole of soft leather can be sewn over the one in crochet. A lining can be made by cutting this the same size as all crochet parts. A soft inner sole can be made by padding another pair of shoe socks with cotton-wool and covering with material. Slip inside and leave loose to be renewed when desired.

or decreasing: sl-st., slip-stitch; sta., stitches; tr., treble; inc., inches.

N.B. Wool is used double throughout.

For a larger size, work 2 extra rows where marked \*\* and 4 extra rows where marked \*\*\*. For a smaller size work the same number of rows fewer in each case.

#### SOLE

Make 10 ch.  
**1st Row:** 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end. Continue backwards and forwards in d.c., turning each row with 1 ch. and inc. by working 2 d.c. into 1 d.c. at both ends of every row until there are 15 d.c. Work 3 rows without inc.

**Next Row:** Inc. 1 at both ends. Work 3 rows without inc. Repeat these 4 rows once more (19 d.c.). Work 9 rows without dec. \*\* Now dec. 1 d.c. (by missing first d.c.) on every row until 12 d.c. remain, then work 7 rows without dec.

**Next Row:** Inc. 1 d.c. at both ends. Work 5 rows without inc. Repeat last 6 rows once more. Now, dec. 1 d.c. at both ends of every row until 6 d.c. remain. Fasten off.

#### FRONT UPPER PART.

Make 77 ch. \*\*\*  
**1st Row:** 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end. Continue in d.c., turning each row with 1 ch. until 13 rows have been worked. Fasten off.

#### BACK UPPER PART.

Make 13 ch.  
**1st Row:** 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end.  
**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. on each d.c.  
**3rd Row:** Inc. 1 d.c. in last d.c.  
**4th Row:** Inc. 1 d.c. in first d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end. Repeat last 2 rows once more.  
**7th Row:** Inc. 1 d.c. in last d.c., then work 6 ch. turn.  
**8th Row:** 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into next 5 ch. and 1 d.c. in each ch. to end (22). Crochet a further 10 rows on these sts.

**19th Row:** Miss 1 d.c., 1 d.c. in each d.c. to end. Work one row without dec. Repeat from \* until 16 sts remain. Work 15 rows without dec. Fasten off. Make another piece in same way, then sew together at centre back. Work 1 row of d.c. round sides and upper edges, working st. into st.

#### TONGUE.

Work 6 ch.  
**1st Row:** 1 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook, 1 d.c. into each ch. to end. Work backwards and forwards, inc. 1 d.c. at both ends of every row until there are 13 d.c. Work 30 rows without inc. \*\*\* Now dec. 1 d.c. at both ends of every row until 6 d.c. remain. Fasten off.

#### MAKING-UP.

Sew the sole to the inside sock. Sew the front upper part to the sole.

### Miss Precious Minutes says:

REMEMBER, a little shoe cream goes a long way.

If you find your precious new potatoes hard to scrape, add a little salt to the washing water. Some use a stiff-bristled brush for scraping.

At last I've discovered how to economise on handbags and to save fussy seconds fumbling. I houseclean my handbag every weekend—throw away the junk, wash the compact puff, brush the inside, and polish the outside. The result is a flat, smarter handbag.

NEVER put celluloid combs to steep in warm, soapy water. To prevent them from becoming yellow and to make them keep their new appearance, brush them with a small brush in cold water to which ammonia has been added. Rinse with cold water and dry with a white cloth.



### Dry Underarms with ODO-RO-NO CREAM

Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. It does not irritate the skin. Nor harm your loveliest dress. It is smooth as satin. And fragrant as a flower. Too, it is economical. It is used by professional dancers.



1/3 and 2/3



## VANTONA Household TEXTILES



★

Always look for the VANTONA Name Tab.

VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers will be the vogue in the future just as they have been in the past. Whatever changes fashion decrees in household furnishing, whether they be for flat, cottage, villa, or mansion, these charming examples of the textile arts are in style, design, and colouring always abreast with the times.

If you bought when supplies were more plentiful you will now be appreciating the excellent enduring qualities of Vantona Household Textiles. If you were not so fortunate, there is a pleasure in store.

VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers,  
VANTONA "Joyous Morn" Towels,

VANTONA "Blansheets," Cotton  
Blankets, Sheets and Quilts.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD., VANTONA HOUSE, PORTLAND ST., MANCHESTER, ENGLAND





# YOUR SWIM SUIT NEEDS TWO DIPS TO YOUR ONE



1. FIRST DIP — with you in it.

2. SECOND DIP — in the wash basin on its own.

## How to take care of your swim suit



Sunshine and swimming are more important than ever for health and morale. So treat your swim suit with the same loving care as that last pair of chiffon sheer stockings you're saving for super-special occasions. On second thoughts, treat your swim suit with even more care. After all, you can go places without chiffon sheers. But just imagine ... just imagine!



**YES** After using, rinse suit at once in clear, cold water.



**YES** Squeeze water out — do not twist or wring.



**NO** Do not use hot water or soap when rinsing.



**NO** Avoid hot showers on your swim suit.



**NO** Avoid rough or abrasive surfaces.



**YES** Dry thoroughly, away from sun or direct heat, before putting away.



**NO** Protect from moths or other insects.



**NO** Cleaning solvents should only be applied by professional cleaners.



**NO** Suntan oils are harmful to "Lastex." Keep them away from your suit if it contains "Lastex."

**NO** Any swim suit containing "Lastex" may be harmed if allowed to remain in the sun between wearings.



And Jantzen's famous machinery is now knitting warmth, comfort and perfect, permanent fit for our Fighting Forces.



All swim suit departments are showing the new 1942 Jantzens ... and there will be Jantzen outerwear again next Winter.



## This is how they save coupons!

● Bright ideas flow in ceaselessly and cash prizes go out every week to our readers.

ONE of the most ambitious entries to date is that of Mrs. Jackson, of Northbridge, N.S.W., who wins the main prize of £1 this week.

She made a twin set for her small daughter from two worn singlets, a frock from an old silk tennis dress, and a playsuit from a worn woollen frock.

Note pictures above right.

Her husband's singlets were used for the twin set. Mrs. Jackson writes:

"I carefully darned any small holes which would appear in the parts to be used, then I dyed the unpicked garments a pretty reseda-green."

"This material when dyed looks like new Jersey cloth. It was my first attempt at using dye, and I found that no expert knowledge is required but care and a little patience."

"The bands for the cardigan and neck of 'blouse' were cut from the



ABOVE you see Mrs. Jackson's little daughter wearing a twin set, dainty frock, and playsuit made from discarded clothing. They are indeed a credit to her workmanship.



AT RIGHT: Diagram showing one half of frock. Note the attractive shoulder - yoke. This was filled in with hand-worked flowers.

thinnest or most worn parts, as the fine stitching strengthens any weakness in the material.

"The finished article is so attractive that I'm sure some mother will be pleased to make such good use of garments that hitherto found their way into the duster-bag."

The yoke of the little frock is sweet. Mrs. Jackson embroidered it with tiny flowers in pink and blue. A pyjama pattern was used for the playsuit.

### Smart apron

SCORES of ideas for using sugar-bags have come in, but the most attractive to date is the apron sketched here. The bag was dyed a prune shade. Rick-rack braid made a smart finish.

This entry wins a prize of 5/- for Mrs. Kirk, of Cremorne, N.S.W.

### New use for old shirt

A BRILLIANT brainwave from Mrs. Bill Steele of Biloela via Rockhampton, Qld. She has remade old evening-shirts (one with a tucked front) into pyjama coats for her husband.

She says he is very pleased with them. Because of the summer heat of Queensland he wears pyjama shorts, therefore very little material is required. In this way Mrs. Steele has saved many coupons and wins 5/- in our coupon-saving contest.

THIS apron was made from one sugar-bag. It was dyed a lovely prune shade.

## SUNSHINE SANITY

● Tanning should be tardy. To expose an expanse of pale skin to the sun's rays for hours on end is just asking for trouble.

By MEDICO

MARGARET SMITH has been in to see me, with a bad case of sunburnt shoulders. "I only had a few days, Doctor," she said, "and I wanted to get as brown as I could—and look at me!"

Well, sunbathing is like everything else—you can have too much. The body needs a certain amount of sun to make up for the lack of it in our everyday life, but that doesn't mean we can rush to the seaside and expose a large amount of pale skin to the rays of the sun for several hours. The reaction will be much the same as being burned by fire.

Tanning should be tardy. Sun yourself only for ten minutes the first day or two, and gradually lengthen the time of exposure. Finally, after a few weeks, you will be able to stay in the sun for any length of time.

This slow "cooking" process will stimulate the skin to develop a protective pigment or "tan" which will act as a filter for the sun's rays.

A little coconut oil applied to the skin, especially the backs and shoulders before going out, is helpful. But skins vary so much—what may be good for one has no effect on another.

Some types of people will never tan, while others will develop a deep tan in a few days.

Brunettes are especially lucky in this respect, but blondes have to go very slowly, while redheads will never tan because they have no pigment in their skin. Long sleeves, long slacks, and shady hats are their only salvation.

### Sunburn treatment

If you do become badly burned the best thing to put on is tannic acid, either in jelly form, or you can make your own solution by dissolving two tablespoons in a glass of water. In an emergency, compresses of cold, strong tea will serve.

Besides being painful, sunburn can have a lasting effect on the skin. There are several serious skin diseases caused by over-exposure to the sun, one being skin cancer. The minor ones are equally disfiguring. The face that presents large areas of red skin with patches of freckles and brownish stains is not very attractive.

**VIM**

Polishes as it cleans...

Keeps pots and pans shining

A LIVER PRODUCT

7-103 11



## Ah! ... that's Persil Whiteness

Tea and clothes, they're both doubly precious in these days of rationing. But there is a way to make those clothes last longer—the Persil way. For as well as extra whiteness, Persil's amazing oxygen-charged suds give you extra gentleness.

Have you any washing problems? Why not drop a line to Mrs. Holiday, Box 3767, G.P.O., Sydney. She's an expert—and she'll be pleased to help you FREE!



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

P.208.24

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HERE'S a lovely fair-skinned Australian who wanted to acquire bronze beauty in a few days. You can well imagine the result—she was burned as if by fire. She suffered agony, "peeled," and was left a sadder and wiser person with a patchy skin. In the accompanying article Medico tells you how to tan while thoroughly enjoying our heritage of sun, sea, and sand.



WHO DO YOU WANT TO OWN AUSTRALIA

THIS CHAP OR THE JAP?

Let Your Money Fight for Him Buy War Savings Certificates

Inserted by the Manufacturers of:

**LAXETTES**

The Gentle and Effective Laxative for Children.







To-day national economy demands wise and careful spending, and in buying cosmetics the woman who is truly economical will turn naturally to Cashmere Bouquet. She will keep a warm and glowing loveliness of skin with one of the four lovely modern shades in Cashmere Bouquet coloured foundations tinted to the exact shade of her face powder and Cashmere Bouquet lipstick will glorify the brave smile with which she faces difficult conditions. Cashmere Bouquet carries on the tradition of beauty in wartime by giving women fine quality, and inexpensive, cosmetics.

# Cashmere Bouquet

FINE QUALITY COSMETICS  
AT COMMONSENSE PRICES

*Face Powder*

Silk-sifted for perfectly even texture in glorious skin-toned shades—

Large 2/10  
Regular 1/8  
Purse 1/1  
Half size 1/1d.

*Complexion Lotion*  
FOR THE DRY SKIN

Gives a velvety surface, to which face powder clings without caking.

Large 2/10  
Small 1/2

*Foundation Cream*  
FOR THE NORMAL OR DRY SKIN

Protects the dry skin and gives a very smooth, flexible base for matching face powder.

Large 2/10  
Small 1/2

Rachel • Pêche • Sungold • Hawaiian Tan